Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE. MECHANIC ARTS. LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

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Maine Farmer.

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Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

Commencement of Volume XXXI.

We here present you with the commencing number of volume XXXI. of the *Maine Farmer*. It comes to you under peculiar circumstances, as it regards the times, and the condition of the country in which we live. We are in the midst of one of the greatest and most widely extended civil wars that the world ever saw. A war which agitates our own government and country to its very center, and not only our own, but what is called the whole civilized world. Although we are, ourselves, remote from the immediate seat and theater of the warlike operations of our armies, and cannot realize the scenes of blood and carnage—of rapine and murder—of losses and destruction of life and property, yet we are beginning to feel the effects of these operations in a thousand different ways. So intimately interwoven is the network of society—so closely connected are the people with the operations of our government, that violence or change of any kind communicates itself through all its ramifications—from center to circumference, and from circumference to center like the "nervo-electric" fluid through the whole nervous system. We feel it in the call upon us for our best men to fill the armies needed to defend and uphold our government, and to save its very life. We feel it in the death of hundreds and thousands of our best citizens who have taken their lives in their hands and made themselves martyrs to sustain and perpetuate the great principles upon which our government is founded, and for which we are contending. We feel it in the presence of the widows and orphans in every community throughout our land, whose husbands and fathers have sacrificed themselves on the altar of universal freedom and equal rights. We feel it in the wailings of distress which every southern breeze virtually brings to our ears, from those who, in their deluded phrenzy, are following in the trail of those hell-hounds who have lighted the torch of civil war, and are madly pushing, in their insane ambition, those followers to sure perdition. We feel it in the derangement of the former regular and peaceful routine of business, in the accumulation of taxes, and the rise in the prices of all the material of industrial life. We feel it in the gloom of defeat, in the excitements of success, and in the broodings of the dark uncertainty of the future which hangs over us like a pall and a cloud, and which we seek to penetrate in vain. And so we come before you now, not as in years past, with joy and gladness on every hand, and the voice of peace and prosperity sounding their notes throughout the whole length and breadth of our beloved country, inviting to reciprocal confidence in every quarter. But we nevertheless come with strong hopes that truth and justice will prevail—that an over-ruling Providence is working out in its mysterious dispensations of the present, brighter and more permanent blessings than this country ever yet has seen.

What then are we to do? What are the duties which press upon the farmers and mechanics and producing classes of Maine at the present hour? In our immediate midst there is comparative abundance. The labors of the farmer, during the past year, have been crowned with success, and rich harvests have rewarded his care. The hum of industry is heard in every quarter, and the call for the products of the earth and of our manufactures, is steady, and met with satisfactory remuneration. These are encouragements to continued industry and to the indulgence of gratitude and lively hope.

It is our duty, therefore, to use these blessings for *the greatest good of the greatest number*. If ever there was a time when this idea should become a living active sentiment, and not a mere lifeless phrase, it is the present. Patriotism—the true love of country—must now be eminently practical, and not wholly theoretical. It must speak by deeds instead of words; by noble and self-sacrificing acts, and not by simple acquiescence in the rectitude of the sentiment. Meeting, therefore, with prompt cheerfulness the demands of our government, is our first duty. Our next duty is to prepare and keep ourselves in a condition to meet these requirements, and this will carry us into the more homely and unexciting, but not less ennobling duties and details of domestic life. *Rigid economy, always a virtue, now becomes the imperious duty of every man, woman and child among us.* The government is carrying on a tremendously expensive war. War is another word for waste and destruction. The government must be sustained, and its call for munitions and means must be answered by the people. Let nothing at home be wasted—let nothing, however trifling in its character, or cheap in its production, be wantonly thrown away. Either the article itself, or the worth of it is needed somewhere. *Untiring industry is another duty.* You may say it always was,—true, but it is doubly so at the present time. Much of our productive force is now in the army. Instead of producing, it is now a rapid consumer. Hence, such force that remains at home will have an additional task on its energies to bring up the same amount of supply, as when that force was among us. No time now for loafing or spending our days in loitering idleness. *The cultivation of our minds and our intellects* more carefully and assiduously than ever, is another imperious duty. More so now than ever before. And why? Because there is more call for the fruits of knowledge—because knowledge is more emphatically power now than ever before. Because a nation of wise and practically knowing people cannot be easily overcome and destroyed, while the ignorant and consequently foolish can. *The looking after and sustaining your schools* is, therefore, a more vital and pressing duty than in years past. These simple but efficient institutions—these little school-houses at the corners of the hamlets and in the forks of the cross-roads of our towns, have been the temporal salvation and crowning glory of our land. To them are attributable the social happiness of our country—the intelligence and prompt action of our soldiery and the consequent strength of our army. Had these institutions been also in operation in the rebel States, as they have in the loyal ones, instead of the "*peculiar one*," this rebellion would never have taken place—never—never—never. Cherish, therefore, the public school and the school-house, as you would the apple of your eye. If they are suffered to go down, your country will also go down into dust and ashes, past redemption.

Nearly and intimately connected with this duty is the support of the Public Press—the prolific source from which daily and hourly flow such streams of instruction and practical knowledge. As the sun to the bodily eye, so are these to the mind's eye—as bread is to the physical, so is the fruit of these to the mental system. Neglect or destroy either of these, and darkness and death, either physical or moral is the sure result. In urging this, we are not making a special plea for the *Maine Farmer*, though that claims our first personal attentions, but we plead for the press generally. Be sure and take some good newspaper. Some people say, when a *pinch* comes, "I must economize by stopping my paper." Rely upon it, such is the worst of poor economy. Better throw by that which supports some useless luxury, some foolish and expensive habit—nay better keep the body a little short than starve the soul. Remember the saying of the wise man, when tempted to stop your paper—"There is that which witholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

Practical Suggestions for Winter.

The hauling and preparation of fire-wood is a most important work for winter. On some farms, where the wood lot is contiguous to the dwelling, and where the surface of the ground is quite smooth, the first snows can be taken advantage of in hauling it to the door; but where the wood lot is rough it is necessary for the snow to become deep before much work can be done with a team. Where this is the case, the early part of winter can be employed in cutting the fuel into four-foot or eight-foot lengths, so that when snow comes to the proper depth it can be hauled at once to the door. We notice some of our farmers have already quite large wood-piles at their doors. Nothing looks more forehanded and well-to-do, than to see a shed full of dry wood in early winter, and a good supply at the door.

Materials for fencing can be hauled when other work has been accomplished, and like the former operation is a good job for winter. Where cedar or ash cannot be obtained, poplar makes very good rails for fence; but poplar rails should be put into stake and bunk fence, and not into post fence. Where the ends of the rails are sharpened off to put into posts they are so thin that they decay very quickly, soon break and drop out; but where made into bunk fence—the rails put in the whole size—they will last for a considerable number of years.

Water in yards is a great convenience in wintering a stock of cattle. This however, should be seen to before this time. A word of caution may be necessary just now, in regard to pumps.—Chain pumps are a very handy arrangement for drawing water and are more generally in use than other kinds. But they are liable to freeze up, and when they do, cause considerable bother. To remedy this, cover them up at night with an old coverlid or buffalo. This is usually a sufficient preventive to freezing up.

It is a very good time to haul muck into the yards and sheds. Some of our neighbors are now engaged in this work and are doing good business at it. When once an excavation is made, by laying a few loose boards over it at night to prevent a snow-storm from covering it up, it can be worked with almost as much ease as in the summer season. It will not freeze enough during the night to prevent working it during the day. Time spent in hauling muck is most usefully employed.

If a convenient repair shop is attached to the farmstead, with arrangements for warming it, the tools and implements of the farm can be overhauled and repaired, ready for use another spring. "A stitch in time," &c.

Have an eye to the good care of all farm stock. Feed liberally, but economically; provide good water, and litter or bedding for horses, swine, milch cows, and neat cattle. A change in food is conducive to health, therefore feed hay, straw, stalks, &c., alternately, with an occasional feed of potatoes or some succulent and nutritive roots.

Look to the cellar, and do not let Jack Frost take up his winter quarters therein. If signs of him appear, drive him out by making a fire therein, or covering the potatoes and roots with boughs of hemlock or fir. Evergreen boughs placed around the underpinning outside will also help to keep the cellar warm, and for many dwellings will be quite necessary.

More about the "Witherell Horse."

Mr. A. J. Downs of Mercer, gives us some information additional to that recently published, concerning this horse. He says "Witherell" was owned by Mr. S. B. Witherell until he was eight years old, and was after that kept in the following places, owned by different men, viz., Skowhegan, Waterville, Portland, Mercer and New Sharon. At the time of his death he was owned by Richard Fassett in Industry. In regard to the dam of "Witherell," Mr. Downs, writes:

"His dam was raised by Mr. Witherell, sired by a Morgan horse, said to be a son of the old Sherman Morgan. She was a sorrel, of middling size, a high headed, smart, good driver, and a smooth, handsome traveler. The grand-dam was a medium sized, thick, heavy mare, of no particular blood; of a sorrel color, owned by Mr. Witherell. She was celebrated for producing fast trotting colts, and was the dam of the trotting horse Lion, who, as Mr. Witherell informed me, made a mile in 2.39. Lion was by old Winthrop Messenger."

Two Kinds of Fences.

A good fence is very cheaply made by using about two boards securely nailed to cedar posts, with stones or even an embankment of earth underneath. It forms a good road fence, or as a division fence between lots, where sheep or horses run. For cattle, particularly those inclined to be unruly, it does not answer so good a purpose.

Another excellent fence is constructed in the following manner; set iron rods three feet high—about ⅜ths iron—in a stone foot or bottom, and bore inch holes in the ends of the cedar, ash or poplar rails, dropping them over the rod. Have the fence about five rails high, and when completed secure them by a small key through the rod. If placed in the zig-zag or "worm" manner, the fence would be more substantial, though we have seen it built on a strait line, and standing firm and erect. It forms the *prettiest* fence we have ever seen.

Buggy Peas and Beans.

A renewal of the discussion concerning the vitality of buggy peas has again been commenced by the correspondents of one of our exchanges. One planted peas that had been perforated by the pea-bug, which failed to "come up" while another asserts that he has planted them, that they sprouted and grew as well as peas not perforated. This accords with our own experience. We have tried experiments in planting "buggy" peas side by side with sound ones, and the former came up as well as the latter, although their growth was not so healthy and strong as that of the sound ones. The experiments were tried with the common marrowfat variety.

Speaking of buggy peas, calls to mind that a writer in the *Country Gentleman* spoke of having beans perforated in the same manner as peas often are. To this, Levi Bartlett, Esq., the veteran agricultural experimenter of New Hampshire, writes that beans sent him from the Patent Office a few years ago, were numerously perforated with holes, and he suggests that it may be possible that the "bean insect" or beetle, may have been introduced into this country through the agency of the Patent Office. Many destructive insects and troublesome weeds have been brought here by this means, but we hope that hereafter more care will be exercised in this matter. Are any of our readers aware of the appearance of the "bean insect" in their own localities?

"Some Pumpkins."

At the exhibition of pumpkins, squashes and ornamental gourds which recently took place at the office of the *American Agriculturist*, there were some monster specimens of these products exhibited, if we can credit the figures given in that journal. The heaviest pumpkins were raised by W. D. Hall of Wallingford, Conn., their weights being respectively 208, 221 and 270½ pounds. The same gentleman also exhibited 42 pumpkins, the product of one vine, (the vine with them) which gave an aggregate weight of 1,269½ pounds; the one with its laterals measured 1,621 feet in length; numerous pumpkins were exhibited which weighed 200 pounds, and many squashes also came very close up to this weight. At a similar exhibition in London last year, the heaviest pumpkin produced weighed 176 pounds.

As to the practical results of this exhibition, it has been shown that while large pumpkins may be easily grown, the practice is not economical or advisable. The largest pumpkin grew at the second set from the root, and was the only one allowed to remain on the vine; weighing, when first picked, 289 pounds. Another vine similarly cultivated with all the fruit allowed to remain, produced 42 pumpkins weighing 1,317 pounds; showing a loss of over one thousand pounds, where only one was left upon the vine.

Fish Breeding in Maine.

Wishing to obtain some information in regard to the success of the experiments of the Messrs. Treat of Eastport, in raising migratory fish, we addressed a note of inquiry to them, and have been favored with the following letter in reply. Although intended mainly for another use, it will be interesting to our numerous readers, and we have therefore concluded to publish it in our columns:

"DEAR SIR:—As to how far we have succeeded in breeding and raising migratory fish, we beg to reply that we have had good success in raising the alewife, by planting the old in new homes in waters hitherto unknown to these kinds of fish. We planted the old in two small lakes or ponds, the stream emptying into the St. Croix river about two miles apart, and had the same good success on both streams. We learned that it required four years for the young to mature and return to breed in the waters in which they were bred, and that the young do not return to the waters until they mature, but remain in salt water. It requires eighteen days for the ova to hatch, and as soon as out of the egg, they swim near the shore in shallow water. Their natural habits are to stop in fresh water about sixty days, at that time they attain to about three inches in length, and make their way to salt water. The instinct of these fishes is very remarkable: they know their homes and will not mix with neighboring streams not more than two miles apart, although the fish are of the same species, and their habits are the same. We have no doubt but that the waters could be made as productive as the land by planting migratory fish. Our experiments on other kinds of fish are not yet matured.

Yours truly, U. S. TREAT & SON.

Wire Fences.

In a late number of the *Rural New Yorker*, C. D. Bragdon argues that wire fence is the cheapest and best that can be built in many sections. He states that he had just examined a fence which he helped to make eleven years age, and found it in good condition, though no expense had been laid out on it since it was built, and it has been thoroughly tested by stock of all kinds. He admits that there are other fences built at the same time, but in "a shiftless, half-way style," which were worthless long ago. He gives the following very plain directions for making such fence as he recommends:

Set the posts eight feet apart, three feet in the ground, anchored with a pin through the bottom thereof, the hole filled up with small stones, and then packed with soil; bore said posts with a three-eighths or three-quarters bit, at distances to suit, to receive the wires; insert the wire, fastening it firmly to firmly set end-posts; tighten it with a small horizontal capstan or windlass—not so as to over-strain it, but enough to straighten it perfectly tight; then drive in beside each wire on each side of each post, a pine or cedar plug, which has been previously prepared and soaked in oil; do this before the windlass is removed, or any effort is made to fasten the end at which the straightening power is applied. Drive these plugs in the holes above, or over the wire. They should be of a size to drive snugly, and of such length that they may protrude from the hole and protect the wire at the point where it enters the post. The driving these plugs besides the wire in each post, divides the strain, prevents it from working in the holes the entire length, if an animal runs against it, and thus while rendering it more efficient, renders it at the same time more durable. About No. 9 wire is the best size. No. 11 is used, and for a top wire over a half wall will answer; but No. 9 or 10 is better. After the wire is in the posts as above, take a paint brush, and walk along the wires back and forth and paint them. It is done as fast as a man can walk, and adds to the age of the fence materially. Gas tar is excellent for such a purpose, and is cheaper than almost anything else. I am satisfied that such a fence is more durable, equally efficient, cheaper in its first cost, and better every way in windy and snowy countries, than the ordinary post and board fence."

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Snow Storm in the Country.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—It is a snowy day up here among the quiet hills. Not like your snow storms in the city, where the flakes fall as if conscious that they are unwelcome visitors, and reluctant to mingle their purity with the mud of the streets, but a genuine old-fashioned country snow-storm—spreading its warm vesture over the land that the rude hand of autumn so lately despoiled of its brighter garment, and pluming the trees upon the mountains until every dark and drooping fir is like a graceful woodland temple. The rocks and fence-posts are capped with ermine. The snow-birds drift noiselessly by, like a flight of larger flakes. After the storm you may track the rabbit and partridge in the woods, and every leap of the frisking squirrel will send a shower of fleecy wreaths earthward from the naked branches. A great wonder is working. The brown fields are enshrouded in stainless white, and the dirty roads have disappeared as if by enchantment.

Notwithstanding the many pleasant associations of the falling snow, it is one of those days whose very monotony induces a feeling of loneliness, and when any facility for passing away the time is gladly availed of. And so, after reading up all the old files and exhausting other resources of diversion, we turn to that encyclopedia of the poor man, the almanac for the year; essay to snicker at its time-honored witticisms, and read over again the Farmer's Calendar for Dec., concluding with the following excellent injunctions:

"Life is, at the best, but a brief span, and it becomes thee, the dweller of a day, to use diligence. Kill hogs the last of this month."

We have finished its perusal, and have now no resort left but in watching the progress of the storm, and our own reflections.

Yes, winter is here. In the forests of the Penobscot the deer and moose are yarded, the lumberman's camp is erected, and his axe is ringing out the death-note of many a noble pine.

We knew of the winter's coming when we saw the aerial drove, collected in the heavens to follow in the track of the receding sun. We foresaw his approach when the waters of the pond frowned suddenly back to the leaden skies. The autumn woods presaged it when, at the summons of his herald, the north wind, they dropped their many-hued banner in surrender. But the homeless! the starving destitute! Ah! to them there are other tokens of his advent which they have learned but too well to know and to dread. There are hollow eyes turned imploringly upon us from the squalid, shivering haunts of poverty, and gaunt hands are extended in mute supplication for food.

"From the low prayer of want and plaint of woe
O! never turn away thine ear!"

Livermore, Dec. 5, 1862. C. L. B.

For the Maine Farmer.

Cornstalks for Horses.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In a late number of the *Farmer* you notice an article in the *Country Gentleman*, upon cornstalks for horses, as being a sure cure for what is generally known as heaves in horses, and ask, "Have any of our readers made a trial of this?"—that is, of feeding stalks to horses for this disease, or, as I suppose, for any other purpose.

I have fed cornstalks in the fall, and until the supply was used up, for four years, regularly, to, on an average, four horses, and to transient ones occasionally, experimentally; have fed them, for a time, almost exclusively, and at other times, in part feed, to work horses, mostly.

I was induced to feed them in the first place to "get them out of the way," as the saying is, to four horses which were used in farm work, one of which had a bad cough. The first was heavy—a large mare. At first they did not eat them well, but in a few days they seemed to like them, and it was soon observed that they had a soothing effect upon the cough of both, so much so that it almost entirely stopped while they were fed upon the stalks, and the horses rather gained in flesh. It did not radically cure either horse, but neither were so bad through the winter as the previous winter. The experiment was so satisfactory that since then, between hay and grass, we have fed more or less to our horses, of the cornstalks, sometimes before the corn was husked or fairly dry.

Some horses do not like stalks or else are unable to eat them to much advantage. This was the case with the one which had a slight cough, first tried. She is a good feeder, but will grow poor on stalks, even when not worked; while others which have been tried, will gain in flesh and vigor. So much for stalks for horses.

O. W. TRUE.

North Waldo Agricultural Society.

Premiums awarded at the second annual Show and Fair of the North Waldo Ag'l Society, held at Unity, Oct. 15th and 16th, 1862.

Horses. Best stallion—1st premium, S. S. Berry, Unity; 2d, Mark Shibles, Knox. Best breeding mare—1st premium, Benj. Fogg, Unity; 2d premium, P. W. Ayer, Freedom. Carriage horse—1st premium, Levi Rich, 2d, Jackson; 2d, Lewis Davis, do. Horse for all work—1st premium, J. Hunt, Thorndike; 2d, Eli Vickery, Unity. Three-year-old colt—1st premium, Otis F. Stevens, Unity; 2d, Gustavus Hunt, Unity. Two-year-old colt—1st premium, W. B. Ferguson, Dixmont; (Mr. Ferguson's colt was sired by Lang's "Telegraph," weight 930 lbs) 2d, Eli V. Rackliff, Unity. Trotting horse—1st premium G. E. Berry, Burnham; 2d, Noah Prescott, Troy.

Oxen. 1st premium—Jas. Fowler, Jr., Unity; 2d, G. D. Wheeler, Dixmont; 3d, N. A. Cates, Thorndike. Four-year-old oxen—1st premium, Elisha Mosher, Unity; 2d, H. B. Rackliff, Unity; 3d, Wm. Patterson, Thorndike. Three-year-old steers—1st premium, Geo. Clark, Knox; 2d, Mark Shibles, Knox; 3d, Darius Philbrick, Thorndike. Two-year-old steers—1st premium, Jere. Fairfield, Troy; 2d and 3d, John Vickery, Unity. Yearling steers—1st premium, Lewis Davis, Jackson; 2d, John Vickery, Unity. Draft oxen—1st premium, S. Rand, Thorndike; 2d, A. K. Bumps, Thorndike.

Bulls. 1st premium, C. W. Prescott, Dixmont; 2d, Mark P. Palmer, Thorndike; 3d, Nathan Rogers, Troy.

Cows. Dairy cow—1st premium, Eli V. Rackliff, Unity; 2d, Elia Vickery, Unity; 3d, Eli V. Rackliff, Unity. Stock cow—1st premium, Jas. Fowler, Jr., Unity; 2d, Mark P. Palmer, Thornnike; 3d, Eli Vickery, Unity. Two-year-old heifer—1st premium, Elias Fowler, Unity; 2d, M. P. Palmer, Thorndike. Yearling heifer—1st premium, S. Rand, Thorndike, 2d, Elias Milliken, Burnham.

Sheep and Swine. Best 12 sheep—1st premium, Elias Milliken, Burnham; 2d, B. B. Stevens, Unity. Best 6 sheep—1st premium, A. K. Bumps, Thorndike; 2d, Chas. Stone, Troy. Buck—1st premium, Mark Shibles, Knox; 2d, Elias Milliken, Burnham; 3d, John Vickery, Unity; 4th, A. K. Bumps, Thorndike. Best boar—Jona. Hunt, Thorndike.

Dairy Products. Butter—1st premium, N. A. Cates, Thorndike; 2d, Mrs. J. A. Harris, Dixmont; 3d, B. B. Stevens, Unity. Cheese—1st premium, Mrs. Jonathan Hunt, Thorndike; 2d, C. Bryant, Thorndike; 3d, Mrs. R. W. Murch, Unity.

Grain and Vegetables. Cord—Jas. B. Vickery, Unity. Wheat, 120 bushels on 4 acres—Eli Vickery, Unity. Rye—Robert Cornforth, Unity. Beans—N. A. Cates, Thorndike. Potatoes—J. M. Thompson, Unity. Carrots and beets—J. M. Thompson, Unity. Turnips—W. S. Fuller, Freedom. Pumpkins—Eli Vickery, Unity.

Fruit, &c. Best winter apples—1st premium, George Clark, Knox; 2d, B. B. Stevens, Unity. Fall apples—1st premium, Nathan Rogers, Troy; 2d, B. B. Stevens, Unity. Pears—1st premium, Nathan Rogers, Troy; 2d, Wm. S. Fuller, Freedom. Grapes—1st premium, B. R. Stevens, Unity; 2d, R. W. Murch, Unity. Honey—N. A. Cates, Thorndike.

Miscellaneous. Best wagon—Luke Moulton, Unity. Sleigh—Horace Wescott, Thorndike. Harness—H. B. Rice, Unity. Lot leather—Henry Dodge, Freedom. Plow—T. B. Hussey, Unity. Cultivator—N. A. Cates, Thorndike. Blacksmith work—Nelson Webb, Unity.

Domestic Manufactures. All wool and cotton wool cloth—Mrs. Robert Cornforth, Unity. Bed-spread—1st premium, Mrs. Betsey Whitney, Unity; 2d, Mrs. James Fowler, Jr., Unity. Hearth-rug—1st premium, Mrs. Ellen Chandler, Unity; 2d, Mrs. Seward Mitchell, Troy. Carpets—1st premium, Mrs. Robert Cornforth, Unity; 2d, Mrs. Eli Moulton, Thorndike. Ottoman cover, and worsted work—Mrs. B. Whitney, Unity. 1-4 dozen men's socks—Mrs. M. C. Chandler, Unity. Mrs. F. W. Shepard, Freedom, and Miss Ellen Hamilton of Unity, presented fine specimens of artificial flowers, &c.

B. B. STEVENS, Sec'y.

Agricultural Miscellany.

CORN.

BY E. ROSS WHITE.

The golden banners of the corn,
Will glad the earth again,
Attended by the morning dew
And the celestial rain!
And matron eyes will brighter grow
To see the bending corn
Stoop, like a band of worshipers,
To greet the rising morn!
The maiden's cheek will wear a hue
More healthy in the sun,
While counting beads of luscious corn
The dark-eye Harvest Nun!
The OLD MAN, with his snowy locks,
White as the winter's snow,
Bends on his knee and thanks our God
With reverential tone.
Children will leap and laugh and lie
Upon the greener grass,
And shade their sunnier eyes of love
While argosies do pass—
The argosies of mellow corn,
On rivers and on seas;
These are our Coat of Arms—
We conquer World is with *these*.
Nature herself doth take a smile
When unto her are born
(To feed a million starving men)
So many grains of corn.
The ill-fed serfs of Cotton King
Fall down in CERESIAN *shrine*,
And glorious psans loudly sing
Unto the Rescuer's name.
All tongues, all nations, will be glad
When Corn has come to reign,
To spread his banners o'er the earth
In Peace and Love again!

—Louisville Journal.

Economical Agriculture.

It is evident that, while the whole of the aristocratic classes in England, whether the conservatives, represented by Lord Derby, or the party in power, represented by Lords Palmerston and Russell, are quite inimical to the interests of this country, the liberal party outside of Parliament, or represented it only by a few men like Mr. Cobden and John Bright, are most sincerely friendly to the North and its present struggle. This party has great and increasing weight in the country. It is a party that never can be deceived or carried away by articles in the *Times* or anywhere else, for it is thoroughly awake to them all. There is an article in the last number of the Westminster *Review*, which, whatever else it may or may not say, expresses, in the most unequivocal terms, that the sympathies of the entire radical party in England are with the North, and not with the South, in the present struggle.

In their remarks, however, upon slave labor in this country, they show a general truth that will apply, if not equally, yet with at least too much force to a great deal of the free labor also of the North. There is no doubt that, throughout the Slave States, there has been a very wasteful system of agriculture, arising from the cheapness of land, exhausting the soil by never manuring, but clearing new land instead. But it is *only* at the South that this has been done? Is not much of our agriculture in the free States of a very injurious and deteriorating character to the land? In New York, round about Albany, forty bushels to the acre was a common yield of wheat, but now from twenty to twenty-five is thought extraordinary, and from fifteen to eighteen an average. Why is this, but because we have taken from the soil more than we have returned to it? In this State, near the centre of it, where peaches used to grow in great perfection a few years ago, it is customary to hear the farmers complain that they will not grow now. Why is this? Many will tell you that there is a change in the seasons now. But in fact it is the change of soil. In the whole of this country, the average yield of wheat is nothing like equal to that of England per acre. There it is improving; here it is retrograding to a degree hardly held in check by the new soil which we clear to exhaust in the far West.

Every crop which is thus made and shipped to Europe is trenching upon our capital stock, selling our soil, shipping off the producing qualities, and this equally, whether it be a cargo of cotton from the South, or of corn from the North, of tobacco from Kentucky or wheat from Pennsylvania or Illinois. It is very true that a Northern climate ties us down more closely to one spot. We are obliged to build houses more substantially, and therefore cannot afford to shift from failing land to that which is uncleared, so lightly as they can whose buildings will be all the more comfortable during most of the year if less closed against the air without. Hence it is that we do not suffer our farms to sink below the point of an average remuneration. We manure up to a certain point at the North. But we do not manure up to the point of Virginia soil, only so as to make the land yield about one-half of a proper crop. Tobacco is probably the most exhaustive of all crops. But let us not mistake what we are doing in every bale of cotton and bushel of wheat equally, when shipped to Europe. We are sending out of the country not only food but that which produces food; not only the *increase* of the field but a portion of the capital, the richest portion of our fields themselves.

There is but one way to cure this. It is for our farmers to take a wider view of their own interests, and to put so much manure on the soil that for every crop they take off the ground shall lose nothing of its reproductive power, but be brought up to its original state or near it. The cost of this manuring is a part of the natural cost of the production and must be charged for. This would in a little time draw many of the manures in condensed forms from Europe or from the Guano Islands, until all our soil becomes as fertile as the best part of England or newly cleared lands. But it may well be doubted whether *all* the statements of Professor Cairnes as to the wasteful culture of the soil arising from slavery are quite correct. It is in part, at least, *climate* which dispenses with barns and close houses and the artificial comforts which takes up so much fixed capital, and attach it to the soil. There is no doubt much truth in what Professor Cairnes says, but, in truth, *all* our agriculture is only in a very imperfect state. The increase of the cotton crop from 1850 to 1860 shows a more remarkable per centage of development of agricultural industry than the increase of the culture of wheat.—*Dollar Newspaper.*

Raising Calves.

The rearing of calves is a matter of importance to farmers, especially to those who do not keep a dairy. Farmers who keep cows for their milk, generally either get rid of their calves at four days or a week old, or else fatten them and sell them at the age of five or six weeks, when it is claimed they bring more money for veal than they would at a year old if raised.

The question with those who rear their calves, is, "How can it be done so as to produce stock at the least expense?" The first consideration with a farmer who desires to raise calves, is, to procure good cows for stock purposes, and then use none but good stock bulls, such as have been tested and approved.

Good feeding is another important consideration, one that must not be lost sight of by the stock-breeder. Unless farmers regard this, it would hardly be worth while to pay much attention to improved breeds of any domesticated animals.

These considerations all having been duly weighed and regarded, the next thing to be mentioned is a suitable calf-house or pen, where the calves can be comfortable and healthful. Some believe it best to tie them up, while others would let them run loose. The place where they are kept should be well ventilated and lighted.

The cow in calf should be dried some little time before calving, else she will drop a poor scraggy calf. Unless the cow be young, she need not go dry more than six weeks before calving.

Many farmers regard March as the best month for calves to come that are to be raised. One farmer says, "rear your calves whenever they come, if fit for it."

Farmers are not agreed whether the calf raised, shall suck or drink its milk, some practising the one and some the other method. The latter method is, however, more generally practised so far as our observation goes. A calf that is taught to drink, sooner learns to shift for itself, it is thought.

The ordinary custom is, when calves are to be taught to drink, to let them remain with the cows four or five days until the milk is good. This is said to be beneficial to the cows, the udders of which are sometimes hard.

It is not ordinarily a very difficult task to get a calf to drink milk from a pail. The use of the fingers will soon teach it to drink milk. If fed on new milk, about four quarts a day, half in the morning and the other half in the evening, are sufficient. The quantity must be increased as the calf grows until it begins to eat hay or grass. The farmer knows that good feed is the cheapest, and he will not, therefore, "knock his calves in head with the skimmer," as it is said some have done. Gruel, porridge, skim-milk, hay-tea and every other substitute are inferior to new milk for calves.

To prevent their drinking the milk too quick, put a leather teat into the trough or pail, that they may take in the milk slower.

Keep them well bedded and take care that they do not become infested with vermin. No condition is a preventive, as maintained by some, who say that none but poor animals in condition, become lousy.

Castration should be done when bull calves are from four to six weeks old.

Every farmer engaged in stock breeding, should feed well, both summer and winter. In this way only can cattle raising be made profitable.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

Classification of Soils and their Material.

Soils are named from the amount, or proportions, of the various substances which enter into their formation.

If a soil consists of sand, it is called a sandy soil.

If the largest portion is clay, it is called a clayey soil.

When lime predominates, it is called a calcareous soil.

Those substances may exist together but in different proportions, in the same soil, in which case it usually receives a distinct name.

A mixture of sand and clay, with a small portion of lime, is called a loam.

If it contains much lime, it is called a calcareous loam.

If it is composed of clay, with much lime, it is called a calcareous clay.

A certain proportion of these substances has given specific names to soils.

Pure clay, which is commonly called pipe clay, is composed of about sixty parts of silica, and forty parts of alumnia, with a small quantity of oxide of iron. This kind of clay contains no silicious sand which can be separated by washing with water. It forms but a small quantity of soil, and is found in comparatively few localities.

Tile clay forms the strongest of clay soil. It consists of pure clay, mixed with from five to fifteen per cent. of silicious sand, which can be separated from it by boiling, or washing.

Clay loam contains from fifteen to thirty per cent. of fine sand, which can be separated by boiling. The different parts of this soil may be very easily separated, and is consequently more easily worked. Such soil is very properly sought for in the selection of a farm.

A loamy soil contains from thirty to sixty per cent. of sand, which is retained so loosely that it can be readily separated from it by washing.

A sandy loam leaves from sixty to ninety per cent. of sand.

A sandy soil consists mostly of sand and contains more than ten per cent. of clay.

In a marly soil the proportion of lime must be more than five per cent., but less than twenty per cent.

Marls are called sandy, loamy, and clayey, in accordance with the proportions they may contain of these substances, provided they be free from lime, or do not contain more than five per cent. of this material.

In peaty soils, its proportion may be equal to sixty and sometimes as much as seventy-five per cent.

Garden mold contains no more than five per cent. of organic matter.—*Ag. Chemistry.*

Education of Mechanics.

It requires extensive observation to enable one even partially to appreciate the wonderful extent to which all the faculties are developed by mental cultivation. The nervous system grows more vigorous and active, the touch is more sensitive, and there is greater mobility in the hand.

We once knew a weaving room filled with girls above the average in character and intelligence, and there was one girl among them who had been highly educated. Though length of arms and strength of muscles are advantages in weaving, and though this girl was short and small, she always wove the greatest number of pieces of any in the room, and consequently drew the largest pay at the end of every month. We might fill many pages with similar cases which have come under our observation, but there is no occasion. It has long since been settled by the general observation of manufacturers, that intelligent workmen will do more and better work than ignorant ones.

But the excess in the amount of work performed is not the most important respect in which an intelligent workman is superior to a stupid one. He is far more likely to be faithful to the interests of his employer, to save from waste, and to turn to profit everything that comes to his hand. There is also the exalted satisfaction of being surrounded by thinking, active and inquiring minds, instead of by brutes.

Such are some of the advantages to the "Captains of Industry," which result from the employment of intelligent workmen; not in one article nor in any number of articles could these advantages be fully set forth. And if it is impossible to state the advantages to the employer, how vain must be the effort to describe those which result to the workman himself!

The increase of wages is the least and lowest of the rich rewards of mental culture. The whole being is enlarged and exalted; the scope of view is widened; the objects of interest are increased; the subjects of thought are multiplied; life is more filled with emotion; and the man is raised in the scale of creation.—*Scientific American.*

The Best Shade Trees.

For the beginner, we would say, plant at first, native, well-known hardy trees. These will include, generally, the white elm; the rock maple, silver, red and black maples; the white ash, the white oak, chestnut, and perhaps a few others. To these, we would add a few evergreens, such as white pine, balsam fir, black and white spruce, and arbor vitæ. Then we would go on with the Norway maple; English, Scotch and Dutch elms; Scotch larch, European Mountain ash, Norway spruce, Siberian Arbor Vitæ and a few other foreign evergreens.

Water-Cress.

This is a fine relish in spring and is proverbially healthy. In Paris, it is cried through the streets under the name of *la sante du corps*—the health of the body. In its natural growth, it is found along water-courses, but is also raised in artificial ponds. These ponds are bottomed with several inches of rich soil, in which plants are then set out, when the water is allowed to flow over them. They start soon, and grow rapidly.

☞M. Genin lately addressed the Academie des Sciences on the subject of "The Sex of Eggs." He affirms that he is now able, after having studied the subject for upwards of three years, to state with assurance that all eggs containing the germ of males have wrinkles on their smaller ends, while female eggs are smooth at the extremities.

Hints for the Household.

Domestic Receipts.

How to Make a Chicken Pie.

1. I take two common sized chickens—old ones will answer which are not good to roast—put them in a pot with plenty of water, some salt, and boil until tender, but not too much. Then make a crust as you would for biscuit. I use cream, and think it the best. Roll about one-fourth inch thick, and line the sides of a six quart pan with the crust, then dip in a layer of chicken, season with butter, pepper and salt to suit the taste. Then roll a top crust large enough to cover the pan: put it into the oven, and bake moderately for an hour and a half, and you will have chicken pie enough for a dozen persons, and I doubt not but they will pronounce it good.—*Mrs. A. Green, Amboy, Ohio.*

2. Boil the fowls until tender; prepare a crust of buttermilk and cream, in the same manner as for soft biscuit; line your baking dish with a portion of it, then break the fowls in pieces and place the portions around in the pie. Put in some lumps of butter, then put in the liquid in which the fowls were boiled, until the pan is two-thirds full. It should be seasoned to the taste before putting in, but not have any thickening in, or it will dry away too much. Roll out and wet the edge where the crust comes together. Make a hole in the top to let out the steam. Bake it moderately. At least two fowls will be necessary for a large pie.—B. C. D., *Elkhorn, Wis.*

Directions for Making Yeast and Good Bread.

All house-keepers who desire to make good bread have only to follow the receipt given below to secure the happy result. I have tested the matter and *know* that there is no humbug; and all the extra trouble about it is more than balanced by the superior quality of the article produced. Firstly:

To MAKE YEAST. Take two handfuls of hops, 3 pints of water, 6 potatoes, and boil them all until the potatoes are soft; then pare them, mash through a cullender and strain the liquid. Put it in your preserving kettle over the fire, and add 1 cup of sugar, 1 tablespoonful of salt and 1 of ginger; add flour enough to make it of the consistency of paste, and then let it boil five minutes, stirring it all the time. Turn out, and when partially cool add half a pint of good yeast. Let this stand till fermentation takes place, and the job is done. In the winter I keep it in a stone jar in the cellar; but in the summer I dry it by mixing it with corn meal, and spreading it on the table exposed to the air, (not sun.) Secondly:

To MAKE BREAD. Wash and pare 24 good potatoes; boil them with a large handful of salt till reduced to a fine pulp; strain through a cullender, add 3 pints of sweet milk, and when cool enough to bear your hand in it, stir in flour enough to make it a thick batter; to this sponge add a coffee cup of the yeast, making the sponge at night. In the morning I add *six* quarts of new or sweet milk, and 3 gills of lime-water, and knead it into a stiff dough. In two or three hours after kneading, it will be as light and porous as honey comb;

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Thursday, Dec. 18, 1862.

Notice.

☞ Mr. S. N. Taber will call upon subscribers in the counties of Hancock and Washington.

Col. Wm. Swett of South Paris, will call upon subscribers in Androscoggin County.

Mr. H. P. Weeks of China, will call upon subscribers in Lincoln and Knox Counties.

Mr. Warren Fuller of Hartland, will call upon subscribers in Somerset County.

Mr. James Sturgis will call upon subscribers in portions of Cumberland County not visited by him on his former tour.

NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

As our readers have been already informed, the price of paper has enormously advanced within the past few months, rendering it impossible for newspaper publishers to continue their business at the former rates of publication. Paper for which we have been paying ten cents cents per pound, now costs twenty cents—an advance of 100 per cent., in addition to the government tax of 3 per cent. All other material used in the business of printing has advanced in price in a nearly corresponding ratio. The additional cost of the paper upon which the *Farmer* is now printed will be four thousand dollars per annum. This is a burden which no paper, however large its subscription list or prosperous its business, can sustain. Under these circumstances we are compelled, though with great reluctance, to resort to the only alternative left us—viz.: the increase of our subscription rates. Nearly all the newspaper publishers in this and other States have already done so, and we only follow the example which necessity has imperatively forced upon them. All the Portland daily papers have increased their rates $1 per annum and the weekly papers 50 cents. The Bangor and Lewiston papers have made a similar increase. We propose, however, to advance our terms only 25 cents per annum.

Notice is therefore given that on and after January 1, 1863, *the price for the* Maine Farmer *will be* $2.00 *per annum in advance, or* $2.25 *if not paid within three months of the date of subscription.* These terms, rigidly adhered to, will not reimburse us more than one half the increased cost of paper. We shall continue to receive new subscriptions and advance payments at the old rates until the 1st of January. Those who have already paid in advance will, of course, be furnished with the paper for the time for which they have paid without additional charge, and all past indebtedness for the paper will be settled according to the former rates.

We greatly regret the alternative which we are compelled to present to the patrons of the *Farmer*, and indulge the hope that it will not long be imposed upon them. The termination of the war and the restoration of the former condition of business affairs in the country, we trust will soon relieve us and our subscribers of the burdens, which, in common with all classes of the community, we are called upon to bear for the common good.

Encouragement to Home Manufactures.

We have, in years past, when discussing the question of tariffs and protective duties, avowed our belief that free trade, in its broadest sense, was the normal condition or requirement of the business world. That, looking from a high stand point, where all the nations of the earth appear to the beholder as one family, free trade, in the abstract, is the true theory and the true policy. But, like many other theories which are true in the abstract, the acts of different governments make it impossible to carry it out in the concrete. Thus, the moment any government or nation, especially if it be one of the powerful and leading ones, steps over the natural limits of free trade, and, from any views of policy, either for revenue or protection, or any other object, establish a tariff, this normal condition is broken up and other nations are released from the implied duty of obeying this natural law. They have, then, the same right to pursue such course as shall best foster their own industry and consequent prosperity. All these legal or statutory attempts to regulate trade, bring on what may be called an artificial state of things, and not a natural one. Hence such laws cannot always be equal. If some branches of business are fostered and encouraged by them, others will be disturbed, and it will be sometime before the equilibrium is restored. If home manufactures, for instance, are protected, so as to check importation, manufactures may be stimulated and rendered prosperous, but foreign commerce will suffer a diminution of its business, and *vice versa*. Circumstances precipitated upon our government by the rash folly and madness of those who have hitherto had the control of Congress and been great sticklers for free trade, have brought upon us, almost as a matter of self-preservation a strong tariff. Of course, as we before remarked, it has produced disturbance in the quiet surface of business as it before existed. Like the throwing of a huge rock into the placid waters of a sleeping lake, there is commotion and agitation of the waters, from surface to center. This will necessarily continue for a time. But every succeeding wave is less in surge and strength than its predecessor, and finally all will subside to gentle ripples and the shores and old water marks will become accommodated to the new position of things around them. So will it soon, in our business affairs. In the mean time, it is the duty of business men and capitalists to take such advantages of existing circumstances as shall conduce to their greatest benefit directly, and thereby to the benefit of the community indirectly.

We think that now is *the very time* to start up certain branches of business in Maine, that either have never been started, or, if started, have moved feebly and with little profit.

Among the latter we may mention smelting of iron from the ore. With the exception of the Katahdin Iron Works, comparatively very little has been done in our State in this business, and these works have been for several years suspended. Now we have abundance of iron ore in Maine, and recently the Scientific Survey, through the researches of our Geologist, Prof. Hitchcock, has brought to light a very useful and remarkable quality of the Aroostook haematite, which should be immediately put into requisition for the use of our national government. The fact has not long ago been made known in our columns, but it will do good to reiterate it again and again, until the government or individuals shall rouse up and put it into use. This ore will yield the very best iron with which to cover or sheathe our modern built iron clad gun boats. The English government have been to the trouble of instituting a series of laborious and very expensive experiments, to ascertain which variety of iron is best for this purpose—which variety has the most resistive power against the enormous missills which can be thrown against it from the monster guns of the present day. These experiments developed the fact that the iron derived from the Woodstock ore was *the iron*, of all others, for this purpose, and as a consequence, that government are obtaining the iron that they use for this purpose from that source.

It would be an act of wisdom and good policy in our government to doubly profit by these experiments of Great Britain, and obtain her iron from the same source, for the iron of the Aroostook is part and parcel of the same formation, it extending across the line to Woodstock. But, setting all this aside—saying nothing about gunboats and British experiments—it seems to us that now is the time for our capitalists to *pool* in, as the saying is, and open up our iron ores and start some furnaces in full blast to supply ourselves with iron from our own resources by the hand of our own industry.

Another article of great consumption among us is *glass*. The rise in that indispensable article, owing to the new tariff, would make the manufacture at home, always profitable, more so than ever. It has never been manufactured in Maine. Not because we have no market for it; for Maine is a great market for it, not because we have no material from which to produce it, for we have abundance of it; but because we have no one with money, who had also faith and enterprise to start in the business.

In more than one locality in the State has there been found silex of good quality for the production of glass. One of these locations is in the town of Liberty, Waldo county, where granular quartz abounds, and where there is wood enough to supply the furnaces, and other material and appliances for the business, at hand or within convenient distance from the port of Belfast. Into this place, Baritta, &c. may be brought for a supply, and from the same port any surplus production may be shipped to other markets.

We suggest these things now, for the consideration of enterprising capitalists. We shall again touch upon it. Now is the time to *think* of such things—to *talk* of such things, and to *move* in such things.

A Just Tribute. In the following handsomely expressed tribute to Gov. Washburn, which we copy from one of Toby Candor's letters to the Boston *Journal*, no more than simple justice is done to the fidelity, zeal and ability with which the arduous duties of the position have been performed by the Governor during the most critical and stormy period of our history as a State. This is the concurrent testimony of honest men of all parties:

"The official term of Gov. Washburn is nearly closed. The fidelity which he has evinced in the multiplicity of duties which have devolved upon him—the earnestness with which he has devoted himself to his country's service—his promptness in raising and forwarding troops—his fairness in military appointments—his solicitude for the welfare of our sick and wounded soldiers—his foresight in having defenses provided for our coast—his sagacity in causing our militia system to be made more efficient than it ever was before—his scrupulous care of the finances—his zeal in everything that has tended to advance and improve the industrial and educational interests of the State, all afford an honorable and praiseworthy attestation of his fitness for the position, which he leaves. No one can question the purity of motive by which he has been governed, or the lofty patriotism and unselfish devotion which has characterized his efforts. He has avoided no responsibility, nor shrunk from any sacrifice. From the day that the first gun was fired by the rebels at Fort Sumter, he has been one of the few who has realized the magnitude of the crisis. He has been profoundly sensible that it was a moment of great peril to the nation—that the cause of civil liberty and human rights was involved in the struggle. In his opinion, 'a conditional Union man was an unconditional traitor.' He spurned the idea of any compromise, and believed that the issues of the hour must be settled by the stern arbitrament of the sword. With him, the South must be conquered—the war prosecuted to the bitter end, and in this spirit, he has performed the labors incumbent upon him. He will retire to private life with honor and with the affectionate regard of his fellow citizens."

Destructive Fire in Winthrop. On Thursday morning last, about 1 o'clock, a fire broke out in the upper story of the large oil-cloth carpet factory in front of the Winthrop Depot, which, with another large building next east of it, was, with all their contents totally destroyed. The buildings belonged to Chas. M. Bailey, but the business was carried on by Levi & Reuben Jones, who are heavy losers. The total loss is estimated by them as being between *thirty and forty thousand dollars*. There was an insurance on the two buildings and apparatus consumed, of ten thousand five hundred dollars. The cause of the fire is yet a mystery, but there are suspicions that it was the work of an incendiary. Fortunately the night was uncommonly calm, which circumstance enabled the citizens to confine the flames to the two buildings consumed. At one time, the freight depot, Benjamin's machine shop and other buildings near by were in imminent danger, and had the wind blown, even a little, an extensive conflagration must have taken place.—By bending all their energies to keep the flames from the large dry and stock house next south of the burning factory the flames were kept hedged in and the property surrounding it effectually saved. The citizens turned out promptly, and worked with a hearty good will, and had the satisfaction of seeing their labors instrumental in saving a large amount of property from destruction.

New Building Enterprise. We learn that five new store are to be erected on Water Street the ensuing summer, under the direction of Mr. Fassett, of Bath, the architect to whose professional taste and skill we are indebted for the elegant buildings recently erected by the late Hon. Reuel Williams and the Freemans' Bank. Two of the stores will be in continuation of the Williams' block, and in precisely similar style, extending north to the corner of Water and Bridge Streets. This block will be built by Hon. Jos. H. Williams and Stephen Deering, Esq. The three other stores will be built respectively, one each by Daniel Stone, Esq., by Messrs. Parrott & Bradbury, and by Chas. F. Potter and J. S. Hendee, Esqrs., upon the vacant lot south of Meonian Hall, with iron and mastic fronts, uniform in style with the Freemans' Bank building. Operations will be commenced early in the spring, and the buildings will probably be ready for occupancy early in October next.

A New Express Company. A petition is to be presented to the next Legislature signed by Darius Alden and others for an act of incorporation under the name of the "Maine Express Company," for the "transportation of parcels and the transaction of a general express business at the cheapest practicable rates of charge and the amplest guaranty for the protection of the public." We have no doubt that a little wholesome competition in the Express business of this State would be for the advantage of the business community.

Redemption of Postage Stamps. Arrangements have been made by the Post Office Department for the redemption of postage stamps which have been used as currency, and become soiled and defaced by using. The Postmasters of Portland and Augusta have instructions to exchange these stamps for the new postal currency at their respective offices, giving thirty days notice of said redemption, after which time they will not be received.

☞ The American Telegraph Company have leased the line of the Kennebec Telegraph for a period of ten years, paying the Stockholders 7 per cent. per annum on the capital stock, with the right to purchase the line at the par value of the stock at any time within four years. It is understood that the lessees will put up a new double wire between this city and Bath.

☞ Edward F. Wyman, son of J. P. Wyman, Esq., of this city, and 1st Lieutenant of Co. C, 9th Maine, has been commissioned as Captain of the Company; John L. Emerson, of Portland, 1st Lieutentant, vice Wyman promoted; James L. Thompson, Augusta, 2d Lieut., vice Emerson promoted.

☞ Two steamships, the North American and the St. Andrew, arrived at Portland last week with full cargoes for Canada and the States. Four steamships are now at the Railroad wharves in that city loading and discharging cargoes. The steamer Hibernian sailed on Saturday last for Liverpool.

The War News of the Week.

The movement on the Rappahannock so long and anxiously awaited has at length been made. On Thursday last, several bridges were thrown across the river in the face of a murderous fire of the enemy's sharpshooters, and by Friday noon Gen. Burnside had crossed with nearly his entire force occupying the city of Fredericksburg, and driving the enemy back to their entrenchments on the hills in the rear of the town. During the crossing a severe fire was kept up by our batteries upon the town riddling the houses with shot and shell and setting them on fire in many places.—Our losses in all were very slight considering the importance of the movement, and the danger to which our troops were necessarily exposed. The division of Gen. Howard was the first to cross the river and take position on the left of the enemy's entrenchments.

On Saturday morning, an attack was made upon the enemy's position by Franklin on the left, and Sumner on the right. The battle was desperately contested all day, and ended at night with the possession by our troops of the first ridge of hills occupied by the enemy. The losses on both sides were very heavy. Among the superior officers we notice the name of Gen. Bayard killed; and Gen. Vinton, Gen. Gibbon, Gen. Kimball and Gen. Caldwell of Maine wounded. Such details of the battle as have come to hand will be found in our record of the war. On Sunday morning there was some heavy artillery and infantry firing in front extending all along the line, but no general battle ensued. It was expected that the action would be renewed on Monday, every preparation being made on both sides for the purpose, but the despatches received on Tuesday state that the two armies remained quietly in position.

We have accounts of a brilliant victory in Arkansas between the Union forces under Gens. Herron and Blunt, and the rebels under Gen. Hindman. The rebels outnumbered our forces more than two to one.

Conflicting accounts are published in reference to the destination of Gen. Banks. The Philadelphia *Press* states that his forces have landed in North Carolina and will march on Weldon and Petersburg. The New York *Times* states that the destination of the expedition is New Orleans, where Gen. Banks will supersede Gen. Butler in command of that department.

Burglary. Daniel Conley was arrested on Monday, Dec. 1st, on complaint of Alex'r Maxwell, charged with breaking open his trunk at his boarding house in this city on Thanksgiving day last, and stealing therefrom some gold jewelry to the value of about $27. The jewelry was found upon Conley on the evening of the day on which the robbery took place. He attempted to charge the theft to the credit of another inmate of the house, who however could have had nothing to do with the affair, as he was absent from town during the time when the robbery was committed. He was examined by Judge Titcomb of the Municipal Court on Tuesday, Dec. 24, and bound over to await the action of the Grand Jury in the case. The jury have indicted him, and he will have his trial during the present term of the Supreme Court.

A First Rate Notice. Our friend Toby Candor, Esq., in a recent letter to the Boston *Journal* says a good word for the *Farmer*, much better indeed than our modesty would have permitted us to say for ourselves, as follows:

"That sterling sheet, the *Maine Farmer*, of this city, will commence a new volume next week, under the most encouraging auspices, notwithstanding the increased expenses which it now costs to publish a paper. The *Farmer* is edited with marked ability, always alive to the interests it represents, and is a pattern of typographical neatness. Long may it flourish."

Large Yield. A correspondent informs us that Mr. John R. Hall, of South China, raised the past season, from one bean, the large number of four hundred and twenty-five, all sound and perfect. They are called the Eagle-bean, and are smooth and handsome.

We are also informed that Mr. Horatio Andrews, of Pleasant Ridge Plantation, raised this year, three pumpkins, weighing respectively, 49, 51 and 52pounds—in all 152 pounds—from one vine. This is not quite equal to what our western friends produce, but it will do very well for "dowh east."

☞ A correspondent writes us that as Capt. Albert Stone, of Mt. Vernon, was removing a charge of powder from a stone, with an old bayonet, the powder was ignited and the charge passed through his hand, removing nearly all below the wrist, and fracturing the radius about one-third of the distance to the elbow. Dr. W. A. Wright of Readfield was called, and finding it impossible to save any of the arm below the fracture, he amputated it below the elbow. The accident occurred some three weeks ago, and Capt. S. has since been doing well.

☞ Our grateful acknowledgements are due to our excellent friend Rev. W. A. P. Dillingham, of Sidney, for a couple of specimen spareribs of one of his fine Chester pigs. The lean larder of the printer is not often enriched by so choice and toothsome a delicacy, and we hope to be often remembered in a similar way by others whose store of good things abundantly enables them to illustrate the scriptural saying, "He who giveth to the poor, (printer) lendeth to the Lord."

☞ Mr. James Freeman the famous Oysterman of Portland sends us a generous Christmas remembrancer in the shape of a gallon of his best oysters. He who remembers the poor printer in these times, when paper is twenty cents a pound and every thing else in the same proportion is not far from the kingdom.

Arthur's Home Magazine for January, as usual, most admirably blends the useful with the entertaining, so as to please and benefit all classes of readers. A new serial story is commenced in this number, by T. S. Arthur. T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, publishers. Terms $2 per annum.

☞ Mr. Joseph E. Robinson of this city, son of the late Geo. Robinson, Esq., has received an appointment as 3d Assistant Engineer in the Navy, and ordered to do duty on board of the new steam gunboat Com. Hull, which sailed last week from New York for Fortress Monroe.

☞ T. K. Osgood, Esq., the representative elect to the next Legislature from Rockland, has received the appointment of Paymaster in the U. S. army. He has resigned his position as representative, and a new election will be ordered to fill the vacancy.

☞ The unpaid accounts of the *Rising Sun* newspaper will be sold at Jones' auction rooms in this city on the 11th of January. A warning to delinquent subscribers, as well as to adventurous newspaper publishers.

☞ The 22d Maine regiment has left Fortress Monroe, sailing southward with what has been understood to be Banks' expedition. Perley, however, telegraphs to the Boston *Journal* that this is, in some quarters, supposed to be a different expedition.

☞ The dedication of the new Universalist Church in Bangor was to take place on Tuesday afternoon of this week. It is said to be one of the most elegant church edifices in the State.

☞ We call attention to the extensive sale of valuable real estate in Alna, Whitefield, Jefferson and Bristol, advertised in our columns. It offers a fine opportunity for investment.

Congressional Proceedings. In the Senate, on Wednesday last, resolutions were presented and referred for the forfeiture of lands and annuities by the Sioux Indians, and providing for their removal far away from white settlements; directing the Military Committee to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill forfeiting pay and emoluments of officers of the army during the time they are absent, except when on sick leave; instructing the Military Committee to inquire into the expediency of the adoption of a system more efficient and practicable than the one now in use for the indemnification and discharge of soldiers.

Mr. Henderson gave notice of a bill of aid for the State of Missouri in effecting the emancipation of her slaves.

On Wednesday the bill which had previously passed the Senate for the admission of Western Virginia into the Union, passed the House by a vote of 96 to 55. Mr. Van Wyck of New York, introduced a resolution proposing a monthly addition of $3 to the pay of privates, and $5 to farriers, blacksmiths, musicians and non-commissioned officers. Also a bill for immediate compensation for clothing lost in the service, providing for the payment of the same on the next pay roll, and making provision also for soldiers in hospital and those discharged. Mr. Hickman of Penn., has introduced a bill providing for the enlistment of 100 regiments of negroes, to be uniformed in a distinctive manner, and enlisting them for 7 years or less; privates to receive $6,50 per month; non-commissioned officers the same pay as in the regular army; commissioned officers, either white or colored, to be graduates of colleges, and receive twice the pay of the same rank in the regular army. The bill also provides for a line of steamers to run between New York and Liberia, touching at Norfolk and Port Royal, to carry such freed men as desire to migrate. It also gives the proceeds of confiscated rebel property to carry out the provisions of the bill.

In the Senate on Thursday, a message was received from the President recommending a vote of thanks to Lieut. Morris for determined valor and heroism in the defence of the Cumberland against the rebel iron-clad Merrimack; also recommending a vote of thanks to Lieut. Worden for skill and valor exhibited in the battle between the Monitor and Merrimack.

In the House, Mr. Yeaman offered the following to lay over for future consideration:

Resolved, by the House of Representatives, the Senate concurring, that the proclamation of the President, of the 22d of September, 1862, is not warranted by the Constitution.

Resolved, That the policy of emancipation, as indicated in the proclamation, is not calculated to hasten the restoration of peace, is not well chosen as a war measure, and is an assumption of power dangerous to the rights of citizens and the perpetuity of a free government.

Mr. Lovejoy of Ill., moved to lay the resolutions on the table. Carried—95 against 47.

A Merited Testimonial. The members of the 6th Maine Battery now stationed at Harpers' Ferry, presented, on Thanksgiving day, to Capt. Freeman McGilvery an elegant sabre belt, sash, spurs, and gauntlets. The presentation speech was made by Sergeant Wiggin, from which we make the following eloquent extract.

"I know, sir, that it is customary on occasions like this, to speak in terms of compliment, and sometimes of flattery. But, sir, it is no stereotyped compliment, no empty tribute of praise that I would pay you; for when I speak of your bravery in the field, and your untiring exertions to raise this Battery to a high standard of military excellence and efficiency, my words find a ready and hearty echo in the hearts of these brave men who surround you. And when they look back and remember the hard fought field of Cedar Mountain where the old 6th Battery was baptized in blood, they remember that their honored commander was with them there, in the very van of the fight, calmly and coolly directing all their movements, encouraging them to do their duty like brave men, and by his actions, even more than by his words, nerving their hearts to deeds of valor, and causing them to resolve to stand by him to the last, and never to leave the field until he led them off. And not only there but on other fields, when the death shots flew thick and fast, and the fatal messengers fell like hail stones around them, they have seen the same cool, unflinching courage displayed, and they have thus been assured that they had a leader upon whom they could depend in the hours that tried men's souls. These are the qualities sir, together with many others, which have endeared you to us, which have commanded our respect and esteem, and have prompted us at this time to present to you some substantial and worthy testimonial of our regard for you.

A Wolf Hunt. A correspondent writing to the St. Croix *Herald* from Dennysville, under date of Dec. 1st, says:

"The people in this vicinity have been greatly troubled during the past two or three weeks by wolves destroying their sheep, and making night hideous by their terrific howling. Last Friday a pack of seven made their appearance in open land a few miles out of the village, after destroying several sheep and young cattle during the night previous. Notice of their appearance was soon communicated abroad and in a short time between eighty and one hundred persons with guns and dogs went in pursuit of them. They soon succeeded in surrounding the *rebels*. One was shot by Wm. Gardner of this town, and Mr. Small of Pembroke shot another—a very large one; a third was wounded, but managed to make his escape with the remaining four. Several men started in pursuit of them the next day, but could see or hear nothing of them."

☞ The report of recent deaths from exposure in the convalescent camp near Alexandria is authoritatively denied. The Washington *Star* says: "Investigation already made proves that there have been but two sudden deaths there of late, though the population numbers full fourteen thousand souls, most of them invalids—one of a man who died almost instantly of heart disease, another of a man who was found dead in his comfortable bed. There is no better arranged or constructed camp in the country. The only difficulty is the fact that the woods from which its fuel is obtained is distant two miles, and its officers did not take the precaution to get in a proper supply of it beforehand to meet the requirements of such a cold spell as the present one."

☞ A disturbance occurred among the soldiers encamped at East New York on Sunday evening 7th inst., caused by the shooting of Wm. Stellfax, a private of Company C, 49th Massachusetts Volunteers. During the riot which ensued, S. H. Taylor, Company I, 24th Maine Volunteers, was seriously wounded, and a hotel kept by a German named Schellein burned to the ground. The difficulty arose between Schellein and Stellfax, and the members revenged themselves by burning Schellein's house. Schellein is supposed to have committed the homicied. He made his escape, and has not yet been arrested. Taylor belongs in Gardiner, and is now said to be recovering from his wound.

☞ The statement which has recently gone the rounds in regard to the location of the Maine regiments in the army of the Potomac, was incorrect in several particulars. The 19th regiment, Col. Sewall, is in Sully's Brigade, Gen. Howard's Division, Couche's (second) corps, Sumner's (right) Grand Division, and probably took part in the desperate and bloody charge upon the enemy's entrenchments in Saturday's battle.

Execution of Indian Murderers. On Monday 8th inst., the President sent orders to Gov. Sibley for the execution of 39 of the Minnesota Indians on the 19th inst. These include those concerned in murders and other brutal outrages. Gov. Sibley has been directed to await instructions respecting the remainder.

☞ The diptheria is extensively and fatally prevalent in Franklin, Somerset, Hancock and Penobscot counties. In the town of Corinth, the Bangor *Whig* learns that nine children died of this disease within two or three weeks.

Letter from Albany.

Albany, N. Y., Dec. 8th, 1862.

Messrs. Editors:—The honored New England custom of an annual Thanksgiving has become firmly engrafted among the institutions of the Empire State. Ordinarily, a stranger in visiting the Capital of this State, and of the several New England States, will perceive a marked difference in the habits and manners of the inhabitants. That air of neatness which characterizes our New England homes, making each habitation a heaven in itself, is not observable here. In striking contrast also, with the habits of our people at home is the almost universal indulgence in the use of spirituous or fermented liquors. The "Maine Law" finds few supporters. The apostolic command, "take a little wine for the stomach's sake," seems to be fully lived up to. The liquor merchants are a formidable class, representing a great portion of the wealth of the community. They have a journal devoted to their interests, and are numerous enough to exercise a controlling influence in the politics of the State. The pipe is also one of the "peculiar institutions" here. The people still cling to the customs of their Knickerbocker ancestors, and use the meerschaum almost exclusively. In New England it has been considered vulgar to promenade the streets with a pipe. The cigar is the fashionable form of indulgence. Here, the pipe is classical, distinguishing the smoker of refinement from the unpolished lover of the weed

There is no dissimilarity between the people of New England and the Dutch city in the observance of Thanksgiving. The general suspension of business, the family gatherings, the consumption of turkeys, pumpkin pies and all the etceteras, take place the same as with us; the church bells summon the people to assemble in the sanctuary for the contemplation of their duties as christians and patriots; to dwell upon the events of our history as a Nation; to take heart and hope from the example and unwavering loyalty of our forefathers in their severe struggle for independence; and looking through the gloom of our present national trouble and disaster, see shining beyond a reunited, peaceful and happy people, purified and made strong in the fiery ordeal through which they have passed.

One of the pleasant incidents of the day was the giving of a Thanksgiving dinner, by the women of Albany, to the 10th New York Regiment, which leaves this week to join Gen. Bank's expedition. This occasion will be the subject of many a pleasant and grateful thought when the boys are far from home, undergoing the trials and buffeting the toils of a soldier's life.

The 1st of December witnessed the death of the private shin-plaster system in this city. The evil had become so great that it was found necessary to give notice that the law would be vigorously enforced from this date henceforward. The penalty is $1000. The city authorities still continue to issue them. Albany has already issued some forty thousand dollars in this new currency, and up to this date, less than $200 have been presented for redemption.

It has long been a wonder to the stranger, that this city has had no place of amusement, save its dens of infamy, under the name of Concert Saloons. These infamous places must thrive from the fact that there were none better. Men must have amusement, especially the laboring classes, and the public should see that they are provided with proper ones,—places that can be instructive as well as amusing. The citizens have at last awakened to the importance of the subject. One of the old churches in now undergoing reconstruction, and will soon be opened as an "Academy of Music." This movement is being carried on by the leading men, who have chosen a committee, whose duty it will be to carefully examine each play or song before it is given to the public. In this way a theatre may in truth become a school of instruction.

The leading journals in the city, the *Evening Journal*, and *Atlas and Argus*, have been compelled, owing to the heavy government tax, and the increased price of paper, to reduce the size of their sheets.

Fearing I have taxed too heavily the patience of your readers, I will conclude.

Yours to command, "Fullam."

Important Advance in the Southwest. The importance of the advance in the Southwest, and the success which has thus far attended it, has been somewhat overshadowed by the movements of the Virginia army. This advance is composed of three grand divisions, respectfully under Generals Grant, Sherman and Hovey. Gen. Grant's advance is at Abbeville, and it is probable that the commanding general's headquarters are there by this time. Gen. Sherman is with him, having opened communication with Gen. Grant on the 30th ult. A Cairo despatch of Saturday informs us of the success of Gen. Hovey's division, as stated in the Memphis papers. This corps, 20,000 strong, left Helena, Ark., some days ago, landed at Friar's Point, from 15 to 20 miles below, on the Mississippi, and marched across direct to Grenada, Miss., and took possession of that place last Monday. A large number of the citizens of Grenada fled on the approach of our troops. The rebels burned about 15 or 20 locomotives and almost 100 cars. Again the Grenada (once Memphis) *Appeal*, a paper notorious for its unscrupulousness, has been compelled to retire before our army of occupation. If, as is stated, it has been removed to Marietta, Ga., that will undoubtedly be its last stand, for in the progress of events it will be completely hemmed in by Union armies in all four points.

The importance of the occupation of Grenada must not be overlooked. The place is fifty-seven miles from Abbeville and is the junction of the Mississippi Central roads, and is one of the most important cities above Jackson. It is on the Yalabusha river and is a valuable site for an enterprising and progressive community. The possession of this point was held by the rebels themselves to be of vital interest and additional particulars will be anxiously looked for. Gen. Grant is moving onward as rapidly as he can repair his line of railroad communication. His army is large and efficient; his troops are mostly veterans, and that portion of his command which Gen. Sherman has brought him has been lying inactive during the entire summer, and are eager for an opportunity to fight. In this campaign the enemy have everything, at stake. Aside from the possible results of Gen. McClernand's Mississippi River Expedition, the incipient movements of which would warrant us in making the most brilliant conjectures as to its success, we can already see the way clear for the restoration of Mississippi to the Union. For already our armies have possession of the upper portion of the State, and are pushing on towards Jackson by the great central railway. Jackson taken, the fall of Vicksburg, which is due west by railroad, is only a question of time. With the Mississippi opened, the States of Arkansas and Texas will be cut off from the other seceded States and the Union troops, having penetrated to the very heart of rebellion in the Southwest, will have all the advantages of situation and resources to crush it speedily and effectually.

☞ Albert W. Lunt, of Co. I, 9th Maine, convicted by Court Martial of desertion and highway robbery and sentenced to be shot, was executed at Hilton Head on the 1st December. He was a native of Hampden.

☞ Half a million barrels of apples have been sold from the orchards of Western New York the past season, averaging probably not over the extremely low price of $1 per barrel.

☞ Our friend Sawyer, of the Ellsworth *American*, has killed a pig weighing 400 lbs., and invites all the editorial fraternity to help him eat it.

☞ The contributions in New York for the relief of the English operatives have reached the sum of $130,000 and are increasing rapidly.

☞ Moses G. Brooks of this city, has been appointed Inspector General of Pot and Pearl Ashes vice Geo. Williams deceased.

☞ Capt. Cowan of Co. I, 1st Maine Cavalry, has been obliged by ill health to resign his command and return home.

Reports of the Departments.

We make the following brief abstracts of the reports of the Secretaries of War, the Navy, the Treasury and the Postmaster General:

The War Department. The Secretary of War details the military operations during the past year. From a survey of the whole field of operations the Secretary says that it is apparent that whatever disasters our arms may have suffered at particular points, a great advance has been made since the commencement of the war.

The armies of the Potomac and the West stand ready to vie with each other in dealing the quickest and heaviest blows against the enemy. Taught by experience of the ruin of inaction, of hazard, of delay, a spirit of earnest activity seems to pervade the forces of the United States beyond what has hitherto been exhibited in the numerous battles and the engagements that have occurred.

Under the calls of July and August, there are already in the field over 420,000 new troops, of which 390,000 are volunteers, 332,000 of whom have volunteered for three years, or the war.

The expenditures for enlistments, recruiting, drilling and subsistence of volunteers, regulars and militia, amounts to $20,692,282 91.

The Secretary, in closing, says that the enemy should be attacked in his most accessible quarter. The power of the rebels rests on their system of slave labor, which keeps laborers on their plantations to support owners, who are devoting themselves to the destruction of the Union. This productive power we should strike a blow at. Use the contrabands, and they will help us and take so much help from the foe.

Navy Department. Secretary Welles gives a history of the operations and achievements of our naval forces during the past year. The report enters at some length into a description of our naval force. The results of its efforts and positions are—including the control of the Mississippi and its tributaries—nearly the entire sea coast of the insurgent region, and it is calculated that but a brief period will elapse before the remaining ports of the Confederacy are in our possession.

Speaking of the depredations of the pirate steamer Alabama, he says: Before this piratical cruiser left Great Britain, the authorities of that country were informed by the recognized official agents of this government, of her character and purposes. The British government thus invoked, came too late to prevent her sailing. To what extent, under these circumstances, the government of Great Britain is bound in honor and justice to make indemnification for the destruction of private property which this lawless vessel may perpetrate, is a question that may present itself for disposal.

Our own cruisers not being permitted to remain in British ports to guard against these outrages, nor to coal, while cruising, nor to repair damages in their harbors when injuries are sustained, the arrest of them is difficult and attended with great uncertainty. This department has dispatched vessels to effect the capture of the Alabama, and there is now quite a fleet on the ocean engaged in pursuing her.

In March, 1861, there were but 33 war vessels in commission, most of them abroad; and of the 7600 seamen in the service, only 207 were in the ports and receiving ships on the Atlantic coast to man our ships, protect the navy yards and aid in suppressing the rebellion. We have at this time afloat, or rapidly approaching completion, a naval force consisting of 427 vessels, armed in the aggregate with 3268 guns, and of the capacity of 340,036 tons.

The total number of vessels taken as prizes since the blockade was instituted, is 543—most of them valuable. The sum ordered for distribution as prize money is $554,176 51.

There are 28,000 persons on board our naval vessels, and 12,000 mechanics and laborers employed in the different navy yards and navy stations.

The appropriations for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1862, were $43,615,551 77, and the expenses during the same period, $42,200,529 96, leaving an unexpended balance of $1,415,021 81.

The amount appropriated for the year ending June 30, 1863, is $52,814,359 07. The estimate submitted for the year enuing June 30, 1863, is $68,257,255.

The Treasury Department. Secretary Chase states that the total amount of receipts actual and estimated for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1862, is $511,646,259 96.

The total amount of actual and estimated expenditures during the same period is stated at $798,558,777 62.

Leaving a deficit to be provided for by Congress of $276,912,517 66.

The issue of fractional currency has reached the sum of $3,884,800, and it is estimated that before specie payments are resumed, the sum of $40,000,000 will be required by the wants of the community.

The amount to be provided beyond the resources available under existing laws, is, for the current year, $276,912,517 66, and for the ensuing year, $627,388,183 56.

To provide these amounts, loans in some form must be negotiated.

The receipts and expenditures as estimated for the year ending June 30, 1864, are as follows:

Receipts from customs, lands, miscellaneous sources, and internal duties, $223,025,000.

Expenditures (including balance of appropriations estimated to be unexpended July 1, 1863) for civil service, &c., Interior Department, War Department ($738,829,146 80). Navy Department ($68,267,255 01); for interest on public debt ($38,513,890 50), and for principal on public debt ($19,384,404 10), $1,09.,413,183 56.

The Secretary endorses the recommendation of the President for the adoption of a new banking system, under a general act of Congress, which shall provide a uniform currency for the country, secured and protected by Treasury bonds, convertible into coin and available always for the payment of discounts and exchange. Such a system, he says, will secure us a firm anchorage to the union of the States.

Every banking association whose bonds are deposited in the treasury of the Union; every individual who holds a dollar of the circulation secured by such deposit: every merchant, every manufacturer, every farmer, every mechanic, interested in transactions dependent for success on the credit of that circulation, will feel as an injury every attempt to rend the national unity, with the permanence and stability of which all their interests are so closely and vitally connected. Had the system been possible, and had it actually existed two years ago, can it be doubted that the national interests and sentiments enlisted by it for the Union would have so stregthened the motives for adhesion derived from other sources, that the wild treason of secession would have been impossible?

The Post Office Department. The report for this year exhibits a very healthy financial condition of the Post-office Department, and shows it to be thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of improvement. The efficiency of the service has been maintained at the highest point, accompanied by a great diminution of expenditures. The gross reveuue of the Department for this fiscal year including the standing Treasury credit for free mail matter, and a small amount appropriated for the relief of individuals, was $9,012,549.-56. The expenditures for the same year amounted to $11,125,364.12. The regular postal revenue for 1862 is only $49,476.50 less than it was for the fiscal year 1861, during a large part of which year revenue was paid in from all the States of the Union. This fact shows a large increase in the correspondence of the loyal States. While the revenues have been so nearly sustained at the highest standard, the expenses have been largely reduced. For the preceding year the expenditures were $2,481,394.98 greater than last year. The following comparisons of figures are interesting:—

Expenditures for 1860, for service in all the States, $14,874,772 89; revenues for the same year, $9,218,067 40; deficiency, $5,656,705 49; expenditures for 1861, service interrupted in 1861, $13,606,759 21; gross revenues for 1861, service interrupted in 1861, $9,749,296 40; deficiency, $4,557,462 71; expenditures for 1862, $11,125-364 14; revenues for 1862, $9,012,549 56; reduction of expenditures as compared with 1860, $3,746,408; reduction of expenditures as compared with 1861, $2,481,394. The Department has not been for many years so nearly self-sustaining. The result is largely owing to the suspension of postal expenditures in the South, which were greatly in excess of postal receipts, but not alone to that. A revision of all discretionary expenses has been made and large reductions ordered. Economy has been re-established in the larger offices, where waste was found. Incompetency, wherever found in official position, has been removed, and an effort made to adopt a standard of merit and of administrative efficiency in lieu of other and inferior motives for appointment. The Postmaster-General expresses his determination to adhere to this course.

A Crew Saved. On Monday morning last, Capt. Jerome Tapley, of the brig Abner Taylor, from Boston for Bucksport, when about sixty miles south of Monhegan, saw the wreck of a vessel capsized. It proved to be an English brig from Nova Scotia. Capt. Tapley took off the crew, consisting of the Captain and five others, some of them very badly frozen.—*Whig.*

Latest Telegraphic News.

THE FIGHTING AT FREDERICKSBURG.

PARTICULARS OF SATURDAYS' BATTLE.

Unflinching Bravery of our Troops.

NO FIGHTING ON MONDAY.

Both Armies Prepared to Renew the Battle.

REPORTED LANDING OF GEN. BANKS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

REBEL RAID ON POOLSVILLE, Md.

New York, 15th. A Washington despatch to the *Herald* dated Sunday, states that the fight was so variable up to half-past 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon that it was not known which side had the advantage.

It is estimated that 40,000 of our glorious and gallant army were engaged in the bloody work of the day, trying to take the first ridge back of the town, on which the rebels first lines of works were situated, which until late in the day it seemed impossible to do. But it is reported that the perseverance and unflinching courage of the army at last prevailed.

Just before darkness put a stop to the day's battle, success crowned their efforts. Th

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

The Record of the War.

The Battle Begun at Fredericksburg---Our Army across the River---The Enemy drawing back to their Entrenchments.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Thursday, 9 A. M., Dec. 11. Everything last night was bustle and activity, as to-day was the time fixed for the crossing of the river. During time fixed for the crossing of the river. the night the Pontoon bridges were conveyed to the night the Pontoon bridges were conveyed to the river, and the artillery of 148 pieces were placed in position opposite the city.

At five o'clock this morning the rebels fired two signal guns, and during the latter part of the night rockets were frequently seen to ascend within their lines. At five o'clock the construction of three bridges in front of the city was commenced. When the bridges were about half completed the enemy opened a murderous fire on our infantry from the house on the river bank. Up to this time not a shot had been fired from our side.

The engineers were driven from the bridges and several were killed and wounded.

At 6 o'clock Gen. Burnside ordered all the guns to be opened on the city. The cannonading, which has continued up to the present time is terrible. The city is on fire and its destruction appears to be certain. The enemy, about seven o'clock this morning opened with their heavy guns, but so far have done no serious damage.

Gen. Franklin constructed his bridge about three miles below the city, meeting with but slight opposition. His troops are now crossing the river.

The concentrated fire of our batteries on the city has had the effect of driving back the enemy's infantry, and the work on the bridge has again been commenced. The troops are all under arms near the river, prepared to rush over as soon as the bridges are complete.

HEADQUARTERS, Thursday noon. On the attempt being made to finish the bridges in front of the city, the rebel infantry again opened their fire. The artillery in position was again opened on the city, the result being that it was fired in several new places.

The enemy has used very little artillery up to this time, as it would endanger their own men who are holding the river front. Gen. Burnside has just issued an order to concentrate every available gun upon the city, under the cover of the fire of which it is believed that the bridges can be finished.

HEADQUARTERS, Thursday Evening, Dec. 11.—But little firing took place between one and three o'clock, during which time all the available batteries were placed in position. They then numbered 176 guns. At a given signal all the batteries opened on the city. The fire was terrible, but the rebel sharpshooters could not be driven from their hiding places. The shot and shell went crashing through the houses, in many cases setting them on fire, causing a dense smoke, which, together with the explosion of so large a quantity of powder, almost hid the city from view.

It soon became evident that the bridges could not be built except by a bold dash. Volunteers were called for to cross the river in small boats. The order was no sooner given than hundreds of brave soldiers stepped forward, but all could not go. About one hundred were selected. They were soon on their way, while the artillery threw a perfect storm of hail on the opposite bank.—They reached the opposite shore, but not without loss; with fixed bayonets they rushed upon the enemy, killing several and taking 101 prisoners, who were safely landed on this side. At half-past four two bridges were finished opposite the city, when the troops immediately began to cross over.

The enemy were soon driven from the city back to their line of forts.

The two bridges in front of Gen. Franklin were successfully laid early in the day, but his troops did not cross until the two upper ones were ready.

Further Details of the Movement---Daring Bravery of the Pontooniers.

NEW YORK, Dec. 12. The *Herald* contains a special dispatch from the headquarters of the army of the Potomac to 3 P. M. yesterday.

HEADQUARTERS in the Field opposite Fredericksburg, Dec. 11—3 P. M.

Between 4 and 5 o'clock this morning the pontoon train in charge of the 17th and 50th New York Engineers, under command of Gen. Woodbury, proceeded to the river bank, where with infantry supports an attempt was made to throw three bridges across the river—one at the point where the railroad bridge formerly crossed, and two more opposite the city, but nearer Falmouth.

A dull haze obscured the movements for a time and the pontooniers succeeded in partially constructing the bridges when the rebels suddenly opened a very brisk and deadly fire of musketry *from along* the banks of the river and the windows of the houses, compelling a cessation of the work. S me of our men were shot midway in the stream and falling overboard floated down the river.

Returning to the cover of the surrounding hills the men were again formed, and at about 6 o'clock the attempt to bridge the river was again renewed, but the rebels with reinforcements of sharpshooters swarmed on the opposite banks and in the houses. Nothing daunted by the hot fire poured in at the re-appearance of our troops, the pontoniers went gallantly to work, but in vain. The storm of bullets enveloped them; planks and boats were riddled by every volley, and they were compelled once more to fall back to the cover of the *hills*.

As it was evident that the rebels were determined to use the houses for defense, contrary to the implied agreement in the correspondence which recently passed by a flag of truce, orders were given to our artillerymen to open fire upon the city. The fog was so dense that it was impossible to see but a short distance beyond the edge of the river, but the houses, however, in which the rebel sharpshooters exposed themselves were plainly visible, and to them our fire was for the time particularly directed.

By 7 o'clock the bombardment had become general, and from that time until 8 o'clock the roar of artillery was incessant, while shot and shell fell fast thick into the doomed city.

About 10 o'clock the engineers were formed for the third attempt to construct a bridge. The 8th Conn. Regiment, under Major Ward, was lying near the river bank in support of one of our batteries.

After the previous ineffectual attempt on the part of the engineers to cross, a party of 80 men from that regiment, under Capt. Marsh, volunteered to assist in the endeavor to finish laying the bridges. Once more the column started down to the river, under the direction of General Woodbury.

They seized the planks and carried out some dozen or so to the end of the string of boats. Part 6 of them were compelled to retire under the very galling fire from the rebel sharpshooters, who were ensconced securely in rifle-pits below the range of artillery, and within fifteen or twenty feet of the river's edge. Two of the 8th Connecticut regiment were wounded, and the pontooniers suffered severely.

The movement having been thus interrupted the whole party were ordered back to their original position.

At 11 o'clock it was discovered that one of the houses was on fire. The flames soon spread and Fredericksburg was now enveloped in fire and smoke. The fire which had been opened upon the rebel rifle pits from our batteries up the river had been successful, so far, in driving the sharpshooters from the vicinity of the railroad depot. The rebels still maintained their ground opposite the upper bridges.

AQUIA CREEK, Dec. 11—Midnight. Intelligence from the front to-night states that our forces have crossed the river and are in possession of Fredericksburg.

An enfilading fire in the night from our batteries succeeded in driving the rebels from their rifle pits on the river's edge, thereby permitting an easy and rapid construction of the pontoon bridges.

NEW YORK, Dec. 12. A special Washington dispatch to to-day's Philadelphia *Press* says private dispatches received to-night, from Fredericksburg, state that a large portion of General Franklin's grand division crossed the river in safety and threw out pickets to those of General Hooker's grand division at Fredericksburg.

The enemy has been skirmishing all day with our advancing troops, but are gradually falling back. Fighting ceased at sundown, but will be resumed to-morrow morning. Our loss is insignificant so far.

Federal Occupation of Fredericksburg---Concentration of the Rebel Army---They intend to give Battle.

HEADQUARTERS Army of the Potomac, Friday, Dec. 12—10 o'clock A. M. After occupying the river front of the city last night, we lost about 100 men in killed and wounded, while driving the enemy through the city. They fired on our men as they advanced through the streets, while secreted in and behind houses. Not much mercy was shown to those who were caught.

This morning a dense fog hid everything from view, but now it is partially passing away.

The troops commenced moving at an early hour, Gen. Sumner's grand division leading the way over, in front of the city, to be followed by Maj. Gen. Hooker's grand division. Gen. Franklin's grand division, which crossed nearly three miles below the city, is nearly over.

It is thought the troops will all be over by noon.

Information received during the night and this morning, from deserters and prisoners, shows that the rebels have two strong lines of batteries in the rear of the city, the first one being one mile back, and the second a mile from the first.

The whole army is in rapid motion and well concentrated. The troops are in excellent spirits and anxious to be led upon the works.

HEADQUARTERS Army of Potomac, Dec. 12—Evening. At 10 o'clock this morning the fog began to clear away, but before 11 o'clock the air was again thick, which continued until 2, when the fog entirely disappeared.

At a quarter past two the rebels opened with all their guns posted on the first ridge of hills. Their main fire was directed upon the city, which was filled with troops.

Those guns which were posted on the left of the ridge were opened on the larger body of troops which crossed on the two lower bridges and had formed in line of battle and were moving obliquely down the river fronting the Massaponax.

Gen. Bayard's cavalry, which crossed on the lower bridge, had five men killed while endeavoring to obtain the enemy's position.

The troops which crossed below are sleeping on their arms to-night, the advance being within three quarters of a mile of Massaponix creek, their left resting on the Rappahannock.

The enemy occupy the opposite side of the creek in force.

The only damage done by the rebel shells thrown into the city, was to add so much to its destruction.

Twenty-five of our men were killed last night in the streets, while driving the enemy out.

The main body of the army is now over the river, the balance being in position to cross at any time.

A Bloody but Indecisive Battle on Saturday---Both Armies hold their Positions.

HEADQUARTERS Army of the Potomac, Dec. 13—11 o'clock A. M The great battle so long anticipated between the contending armies is now progressing.

The morning opened with a dense fog which has not entirely disappeared.

Gen. Reynold's corps, on the left, advanced at an early hour, and at 9.15 A. M., engaged the enemy's infantry.

Seven minutes afterwards the enemy opened a heavy fire of artillery, which has continued so far without intermission.

Not much infantry has yet become engaged.

HEADQUARTERS Army of the Potomac, Saturday, 11 o'clock P. M. The fog began to disappear in the morning, affording an unobstructed view of our own and the rebel positions.

It being evident that the first ridge of hills in the rear of the city, on which the enemy had their guns posted behind works, could not be carried, except by a charge of infantry, General Sumner assigned the duty to Gen. French's division, which was supported by Gen. Howard's.

The troops advanced to their work at ten minutes before 12 o'clock, at a brisk run, the enemy's guns opening upon them a very rapid fire.

When within musket range, at the base of the ridge, our troops were met by a terrible fire from the rebel infantry, who were posted behind a stone wall and some houses on the right of the line.

This checked the advance of our men, and they fell back to a small ravine, but not out of musket range.

At this time another body of troops moved to their assistance in splendid style, notwithstanding large gaps were made in their ranks by the rebel artillery.

When our troops arrived at the first line of rebel defences, they double quicked, and with fixed bayonets endeavored to dislodge the rebels from their hiding places.

The concentrated fire of rebel artillery and infantry which our men were forced to face, was too much for them, and the center gave way in disorder; but afterwards they were rallied and brought back. From that time the fire was spiritedly carried on, and never ceased until after dark.

Gen. Franklin, who commenced the attack on the left, met with better success. He succeeded after a hard day's fight in driving the rebels about a mile.

At one o'clock the rebels advanced to attack him, but were handsomely repulsed with terrible slaughter, and with a loss of between 400 and 500 prisoners, belonging to A. P. Hill's command.

Further Particulars of the Battle---Heavy Losses on Both Sides---The Enemy's Right Driven Back.

NEW YORK, 14th. The *Herald's* despatch dated at Headquarters last night, says:

Gen. Franklin's line was moved forward at sunrise with his right resting upon Fredericksburg, his center advanced a mile from the river, and his right resting on the river three miles below.

Skirmishing commenced on the left about daylight. Soon after, a rebel battery opened on our lines, and the 98th N. Y. militia was ordered to charge, but after a fierce struggle was compelled to retire.

The remainder of the brigade under General Tyler then engaged the enemy's guns, when the fight became general.

The cannonading was terrific, though our troops suffered but little from the enemy's artillery.

About ten o'clock Sumner's troops engaged the enemy back of the city, since which the battle has raged furiously along the whole line. The enemy occupying woods and hills, had a much more advantageous position, but were driven back on their right a mile and a half early in the day.

About noon Gen. Gibbons was relieved by Doubleday and Meade, and by Stoneman.

Afterwards General Newton's division moved round to the support of the left, when the fire ceased for a short time, and broke out with great fierceness in the centre, where our troops were exposed to a plunging fire from the enemy's guns and earthworks on the hill.

Along the whole line the battle has been fierce all day, with great loss on both sides.

To-night each army hold its first position, except a slight advance on our left.

Cannonading is still going on, and musketry breaks out at intevals quite fiercely. Gen. Bayard was struck in the hip by a solid shot, while conversing with Gen. Franklin. His right leg was amputated, but he cannot survive.

Several hundred prisoners were taken, who report that Lee's entire army is in the vicinity. Gen. Hill's division started down this morning, but returned.

Gen. Franklin's division, to-night, is opposed to Stonewall Jackson's.

It is impossible to form an accurate idea of the loss on either side. The firing is still going on, rendering it extremely difficult to remove the killed and wounded.

The city suffered terribly from the enemy's artillery. The city is crowded with our troops, their front extending but a short distance beyond.

About dark our forces carried the right crest of the hill occupied by the rebels, who were driven from their position with great slaughter.

Gen. Barnside is in the city, personally directing operations.

NEW YORK, 14th. The *Herald* had a dispatch dated Fredericksburg, 13th, which says:

It is ascertained beyond doubt that the rebel force is nearly two hundred thousand. Jackson commands the rebel right, extending from Gurney's Station to Port Royal. Longstreet has the centre, extending from Gurney's Station to the telegraph road. Lee and Stuart are their left.

Cannonading by the Enemy---No General Battle Fought on Sunday.

HEADQUARTERS Army of the Potomac, Dec. 14—11:30 A. M.

There is no fog to-day and the sun is shining brightly, with a strong breeze.

At daylight this morning there was a heavy fire of artillery and infantry in front of the first line of the works, where Gens. Sumner and Hooker were engaged yesterday. The fire slackened about an hour afterwards and was heard only at intervals until now.

The same occurred in front of Gen. Franklin's division down the river. The object of both parties was evidently to feel the other.

During last night and this forenoon the rebels have considerably extended their works and strengthened their position.

Large bodies of troops are now to be seen where but few were to be seen yesterday.

Our dead, which were killed yesterday while charging in front of the enemy's works, still remain where they fell. When attempting their removal last night the rebels would open fire with infantry, but the wounded have all been removed from the field, and all the dead obtained are now being buried.

The indications are that no decisive battle will be fought to-day, unless the rebels should bring on an engagement, which they will not probably do.

Capture of Federal Troops by Morgan's Guerrillas Confirmed.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 8—Midnight. A telegram has just been received from Nashville, which confirms the capture of the 104th Illinois regiment, and 105th and 108th Ohio regiments, Nichols' Battery, and a detachment of the 24 Indiana Cavalry, all under command of Col. Moore on Sunday morning, after an hour's fight at Hartsville, Tenn., by the guerrillas under John Morgan. The number of Morgan's force is not stated. There are no further particulars.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 10. The *Journal* says that in the late Hartsville affair all the Federals were captured, and that the number of paroled troops at Hartsville was 2300. Col. Stewart was among the prisoners.

A Battle and Decisive Union Victory in Arkansas.

BATTLE-FIELD near Fayetteville, Arkansas, Dec. 8.

Gen. Herron's forces, while en route to reinforce Gen. Blunt, met the enemy yesterday on Crawford's Prairie, 10 miles south of Fayetteville and won a decisive victory. The enemy were 24,000 strong, divided into 4 divisions, under Gens. Parsons, Marmaduke and Rains, all under Gen. Hindman, and embraced the flower of the rebel trans-Mississippi army, well supplied with 18 pieces of artillery. The enemy flanked Gen. Blunt's position at Cane Hill, and made a sudden attack on Gen. Herron's forces to prevent them from uniting with Gen. Blunt.

Gen. Heron's forces consisted of the 14th and 31st Illinois, 19th and 20th Iowa, 20th Indiana, 20th Wisconsin and a battalion or two of cavalry, in all 6500 or 7000 men and 21 pieces of artillery.

The battle raged from 10 A. M. until dark and was desperately fought throughout. Our artillery drove the rebels from the two strong positions and kept their overwhelming numbers at bay. The 20th Wisconsin captured a rebel battery of four heavy guns, but were forced to abandon them under a murderous fire. The 19th Iowa also took the same battery and fought most desperately, but were also obliged to yield it. Almost every regiment distinguished itself.

About 4 o'clock Gen. Blunt arrived from Cave Hill with 5000 men and a strong force of artillery, and attacked the rebels in the rear. The rebels made desperate efforts to capture his batteries, but were repulsed with terrible slaughter.

We held the whole field at dark, and before 9 o'clock that night the entire rebel force was in full retreat over Boston Mountains. Our loss in killed and wounded was 600. The rebel loss was 1500, by their own admission.

Several of the rebel officers were killed, among them Col. Stein, commanding a brigade, and formerly a Brigadier of the Missouri State Guard. Only a few prisoners were taken.

We captured four caissons filled with ammunition.

Further Details of the Victory in Arkansas.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 11th 1862.

To Gen. Halleck, General-in-Chief.

Further details are received from Gens. Blunt and Herron, from the battle ground, Prairie Grove, near Fayetteville, Ark. Our loss in killed and wounded is now estimated at 1000, and that of the enemy near 2000.

The rebels left many of their dead and most of their wounded for us to take care of. Extensive hospitals will be improvised in Fayetteville. Persons who have returned from the battle-field report that the enemy are 28,000 strong. Their artillery was much crippled. We took four caissons filled with ammunition, and a large number of small arms.

Gen. Blunt moves forward today on Cave Hill. Gen. Herron remains at Prairie Grove, burying the dead.

The enemy lost five Colonels killed and wounded. The enemy muffled their wheels and moved off in the night, continuing their retreat to Van Buren, and probably crossing the Arkansas river. Col. McFarlan of the 19th Iowa regiment was killed. Col. Black of the 37th Illinois and Major Thomas of the 20th Iowa, and a large number of subaltern officers are wounded. It was a hard fought battle and a complete victory.

(Signed) S. R. CURTIS,
Major General Commanding.

More Piracy by the Alabama---Her Escape from the San Jacinto.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11. The schooner Alice, from Point Petre, Guadaloupe, has arrived. She had on board the chief officer and crew of ship Levi Starbuck of New Bedford, Capt. Mallon, from New Bedford, five days out, bound to the Pacific, captured Nov. 2, lat. 35° 30', lon, 66°, by the rebel pirate Alabama. The Alabama took all the clothing and nautical instruments, and set her on fire.

Nov. 8, lat. 28° 30', lon. 58°, the Alabama also captured ship T. B. Wales of Boston, Capt. Lincoln, from Calcutta for Boston, 147 days. Her cargo of saltpetre and gunny cloth was taken from her and she was set on fire.

The Alabama then proceeded to Martinique, arriving there at 8 o'clock on the morning of Nov. 17, landing the Captains and crews of both ships.

The U. S. ship San Jacinto arrived the same afternoon. Finding the Alabama in port she immediately, got underway and proceeded outside the harbor to await the departure of the Alabama.

On the 18th, at 10 P. M., the Alabama got under way and escaped, the San Jacinto lying off the harbor.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11. The Alabama, until close upon the captured vessels, carried the American flag. The crews of the two vessels, except Captain Lincoln of the T. B. Wales, were kept in irons until they reached Martinique. Semmes said she was the twenty-third vessel he had burned. The 2d mate and eight of her crew joined the Alabama's crew, which now numbers one hundred and fifty. Upon the arrival of the San Jacinto at Martinique, she furnished the brig Hammond in port with rockets to be sent up when the Alabama was leaving port. The San Jacinto also kept two armed boats plying about the harbor at night, but they did not observe her exit. The Alabama was furnished with a pilot by the French authorities and was supposed to have been piloted out by a channel unknown to the San Jacinto. The Hammond was immediately seized by the French authorities, and was still in custody when the schooner Alice left. The San Jacinto was three miles at sea, and only knew of the Alabama's escape when the Alice came out. The cargo of the T. B. Wales is valued at $200,000.

The Alabama went to Martinique to receive coal from an English brig. The latter also brought her two Armstrong 100-pounders. The brig went off with the Alabama. It was reported at St. Thomas that the Alabama had been piloted into the harbor of St. Johns, a few miles above, and was there taking in her coal and guns. The intelligence was sent to the San Jacinto.

A Successful Foraging Expedition in Tennessee.

NASHVILLE, Dec. 10. Col. Stanley Mathews, commanding a Brigade in Van Couver's division, had a sharp fight yesterday, five miles north of Lavergne, while foraging. He commanded the 51st Ohio, 35th Ind., and 21st Kentucky regiments with one gun of Swallow's 7th Ind. battery, escorting fifty foraging wagons. Ten men and a Sergeant of the 21st Ky. regiment were left for guard at Dobbins' Ferry. The wagons were filled, when Wheeler's rebel cavalry brigade, the 12th Tenn. infantry and a full battery, attacked the wagons in the rear. The 51st Ohio and 35th Ind. regiments were taken back by Mathews at double quick, and in thirty minutes the enemy was repulsed and the wagons retired rapidly to camp escorted by the 51st Ohio and 8th Ky. regiments, forming the rear guard.

Half an hour later the enemy attacked us again in our rear, and after sharp fighting they were repulsed, and the brigade returned to camp without losing a wagon. We had 29 wounded and 9 missing, five of whom are wounded, and one dead, left behind. The rebel loss was severe.

Fight in Mississippi.---Another Federal Victory.

CHICAGO, Dec. 9. A special Oxford (Miss.) dispatch of the 7th, says:

Col. Dickey's cavalry had two hours engagement with the rebels near Coffeeville on Friday night. The rebels are said to have 5000 infantry, cavalry and artillery. Federal loss was 9 killed, 50 wounded and 60 missing. The rebel loss was 300 killed and wounded.

Successful Federal Expedition in N. Carolina.

NEW YORK, Dec. 9. North Carolina letters report the capture of a number of conscripts and two hundred and fifty horses and mules, &c., by a force of the 3d New York cavalry, recently, near Plymouth. Also, a successful cavalry expedition to Hyde county, which marched one hundred miles over the country, captured a number of prisoners, destroyed thirteen bridges, etc.

A SOLDIER DEAD. On Sunday in Rockland, a young soldier, Wm. Eugene Conant, who received his death wound at Antietam, was buried. He was the last surviving of four sons of Mr. David F. Conant, who have all lost their lives in the service of the country. He belonged to the corps of sharpshooters,—was four times wounded in the trenches at Antietam, and laid 24 hours without aid. When recovered it was too late to save him.

☞ The correspondent of the Bangor *Whig* states that Gen. S. F. Hersey, on behalf of the bondsmen of Mr. Peck, the defaulting Treasurer of State, have paid up their entire indebtedness to the State, amounting to $20,000. Half the amount is paid one year before it becomes due.

☞ It is said that cotton is arriving at Cairo from Memphis so fast that speculators have been glad to realize at reduced figures. The country which Gen. Grant is opening is prolific with cotton.

☞ "Old Abe" put a thousand dollars in his wife's purse, and told her to distribute it among the sick and wounded soldiers in Washington.—Like a good wife, she is obeying him.

Foreign News.

SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The steamer Arabia, from Liverpool Nov. 29th and Queenstown, Nov. 30, arrived at Halifax, Dec. 9th.

England.

The Daily *News* devotes an editorial article to the refutation of the idea that the Democratic party of the United States can be called conservative. It reviews the course of that party in the past to show that its assumption of conservatism is absurd.

The Morning *Post* points out that the virtual want of confidence in the Government which the recent elections indicate would furnish the Government with a plausible pretext for retreating from its position with a semblance of dignity. It fears, however, that until the Government is forcibly ejected no hopes can be entertained of the war being brought to a conclusion.

The Army and Navy *Gazette* says that General Burnside's change of base to Aquia Creek gives it but little confidence in the plans of the Federal leaders, and does not believe the Confederates will quietly submit to the movement.

At a meeting of the Great Eastern Ship Company it was stated that if $1750 were not immediately provided the Great Eastern must pass into other hands. It would require £5000 to bring her home. The Directors proposed to raise £100,000 on mortgage for three years. The ship earned £40,000 in one hundred and eleven days. Mr. Scott Russell censured the general management. The proposal was adopted.

The contributions for the relief of the Lancashire operatives are on the most munificent scale. The American Chamber of Commerce in Liverpool voted to give one thousand pounds sterling to the fund.

An extraordinary general meeting of the Atlantic Telegraph Company is called for the 12th of December, for the purpose of considering a proposition for the issue of £600,000 new capital in preferential shares of £5 each, bearing 8 per cent. interest, guarantied by the British Government in the event of success, any further profits to be first applied to pay 4 per cent. on the old capital, and the surplus to be divided between the old and new shares and the formation of a reserve fund.

The prize fight for the English Championship between Mace and King took place on the 26th ult. After fighting twenty-one rounds, most of which were in favor of Mace, King knocked his opponent insensible, and as Mace could not come to time, King was declared the victor. It is reported that Heenan will fight King for the championship and £500 a side.

France.

The great topic of interest continued to be the great demonstrations in favor of Prince Alfred, which continued in various parts of Greece. It was rumored that the Russian government intends to address a communication to the English government, seriously objecting to the candidacy of Prince Alfred.

The French journals represent that England has assembled a fleet of twelve war vessels in the Grecian seas, but the London *Globe* pronounces the statement utterly devoid of foundation.

Belgium.

The Parliament has voted half a million of francs for public works, to relieve the distress of the cotton operatives.

Cape Good Hope.

The steamer Mississippi, from New York for China, was abandoned at sea and the crew had landed at the Cape.

The barque Parana, for Shanghae, was wrecked in Simeon's Bay, Oct. 9.

The Markets.

AUGUSTA PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Flour,	$7 50 to 9 50	Round Hog,	$5 00 to 6 00
Corn Meal,	90 to 95	Clear Salt Pork,	9 00 to 10 00
Rye Meal,	1 00 to 0 00	Mutton,	6 to 10
Wheat,	1 92 to 2 00	Turkeys,	8 to 10
Rye,	80 to 85	Chickens,	7 to 8
Corn,	90 to 95	Geese,	7 to 10
Barley,	90	Clover seed,	10 to 15
Beans,	2 00 to 2 50	Herdsgrass,	2 00 to 2 75
Oats,	45 to 50	Red Top,	75 to 90
Potatoes,	40 to 45	Hay,	8 00 to 10 00
Dried Apples,	6 to 8	Lime,	75 to 80
Cooking "	25 to 30	Fleece Wool,	50 to 55
Western "	40 to 50	Pulled Wool,	52 to 55
Butter	18 to 20	Sheep Skins,	1 00 to 1 25
Cheese,	10 to 11	Hides,	6½ to 7
Eggs,	15 to 18	Calf Skins,	11 to 12
Lard,	12 to 13	Lamb Skins,	75 to 1 25

BRIGHTON MARKET---Dec. 11.

At market, 2100 Beeves, 475 Stores, 3000 Sheep and Lamb and 350 Swine.

PRICES—*Market Beef*—Extra $6,75; first quality $6,50; second do., $6,00; third do. $5,00.

Working Oxen—None.

Milch Cows—$47 @ $47; common $18 @ $19.

Veal Calves—None.

Yearlings—$9,00@10,50; two years old, $16 @ $19; three years old $20 @ $21.

Hides—7½ @ 8c. *Calf Skins* 8 @ 9c. ₱ lb.

Tallow—Sales at 8c @ 8½c ₱ lb.

Pelts—$1 50 @ 1 75.

Sheep and Lambs—$2,00 @ $3,50; extra 3,75, @ 4 50.

Spring Pigs—Wholesale, 4c; retail, 4 @ 6c.

Beeves are sold by the head, at prices equal to the value per pound of the estimated weight of beef in the quarter, the same price, at a shrinkage from live weight, agreed on by the parties, varying from 28 to 34 ₱ cent.

REMARKS—The supply of Beef Cattle is quite large; the price of good Cattle the same as last week; a slight advance on a few very extra pairs was obtained; poorer qualities were lower. Sheep and Lambs—sales quick at last week's prices. Swine rule the same as last week.

BOSTON MARKET....Dec. 13.

FLOUR—The market is steady but quiet for Flour, and the sales have been at $6,00 @ 6,25 for Western superfine; $6,75 @ $7,00 for common extras; $7,25 @ $7,50 for medium do.; and $7,75 $8,00 for good and choice brands, including favorite St. Louis.

CORN—Western mixed, 70 @ 80c. per bushel.

OATS—Western and Canada, 61 @ 63c ₱ bushel.

RYE—$1c ₱ bushel.

HAY—Sales of Eastern at $15] @ $16.

WOOL—Fleece and pulled Wool, 58 @ 65c ₱ lb.

NEW YORK MARKET....Dec. 15.

FLOUR—State and Western continues active but no decided change in price. Superfine State $5.75 a $5,80; extra do. $6.25 a 6,30; round hoop Ohio $6,70 a $6,75; super Western $5,20 a $6,75; 8 sudhera unchanged—mixed to good $6,85 a $7,10; fancy and extra $7,25 a $9,00; Canada favors buyers—extra $8,10 a $8,25.

Wheat opened dull and 1 a 2 cents lower—Chicago spring $1,38; Milwaukie club $1 @ $1 25; red winter western $1 38 @ $1,43; Canada club 1 10 @ $1 17.

Corn 1 a 2c lower—mixed western 75c @ 76c.

Barley—Sales at $1 90 @ 1 45 per bushel.

Special Notices.

A CARD TO THE SUFFERING.

THE REV. WILLIAM COSGROVE, while laboring as a Missionary in Japan, was cured of Consumption, when all other means had failed, by a recipe obtained from a learned physician residing in the great city of Jeddo. This recipe has cured great numbers who were suffering from Consumption, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Coughs and Colds, and the debility and nervous depression caused by these disorders.

Desirous of benefitting others, I will send this recipe, which I have brought home with me, to all who need it, free of charge.

Address, REV. WM. COSGROVE,
1y1 439 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ANDROSCOGGIN AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The members of the Androscoggin Agricultural and Horticultural Society are hereby notified that their Annual Meeting for the transaction of such business as may come before them, also the choice of a Board of Officers for the ensuing year, and a member of the Board of Agriculture, will be held in Jones Hall, on SATURDAY, January 3d, 1863, at 10 o'clock A. M. It is hoped that all interested in Agricultural affairs, will be present and make the meeting one of profit and encouragement.

WM. R. WRIGHT, Sec'y.
Lewiston, Dec. 9, 1862.

The Greatest Improvement of the Age is the MAGIC LOTION.

It will stop the nervous and sun headache.
It will cure Neuralgia pains in 15 minutes.
It will strengthen the spine.
It will cure the Rheumatism.
It will stop a cough.
It is the best medicine for coughs and colds and pains in the stomach ever invented—cures Dyspepsia and strengthens the whole system. It is recommended by some of the members of the Legislature in Augusta, and many of the M. D.s throughout the country.

H. H. HAY, wholesale agent, Portland, Me.
21tf DR. E. C. BOWKER, Boston, Mass.

CONFESSION AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.

Published for the benefit and as a warning and a caution to young men who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay &c.; supplying at the same time the means of Self Cure. By one who has cured himself after being put to great expense through medical imposition and quackery By enclosing a post-paid addressed envelope, single copies may be had of the author,
NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Belford,
1y13 Kings county, N. Y.

CARD.

The subscribers hereby tender to the citizens of Winthrop and vicinity, their warmest and most cordial thanks for their prompt, energetic and efficient assistance in saving so much of their property during the burning of their factory on the morning of the 11th inst. Their kindness and zeal to assist us in the hour of our trouble entitle them to our lasting gratitude.

C. M. BAILEY,
L. & R. T. JONES.
Winth rop, Dec. 12th, 1862.

Married.

In Augusta, Dec. 11th, by Rev. Mr. Bray, Louis F. C. Weeks to Catharine Houillette, both of Dresden.

In Vassalboro', Nov. 30th, by Rev. L. Wentworth, John M. Richardson of Gardiner, to Clara Rice.

In Wayne, Nov. 27th, by B. Sylvester, Esq., George W. Raymond to Henrietta L. Frost.

At Pleasant Ridge, Dec. 10th, by A. J. Lane, Esq., J. N. Rollins, Jr., to Mary E. Andrews, both of Pleasant Ridge.

In Montville, Dec. 10th, Lewis Sturtevant to Mary T. Fogg.

In Alexander, by H. P. Whitney, Jacob S. Davis of Crawford, to Lucy E. Lane.

In Winthrop, Nov. 24, by Rev. Geo. Webber, George G. Luce to Helen M. Smith, both of Readfield.

In Gorham, John F. Libby to Zilpha B. Libby.

In Malden, Mass., Charles B. Grinnel to Serene W. Shaw of Exeter, Me.

Died.

In Winthrop, Nov. 19th, Isaac Morse, aged 81 years 3 months. (Belfast papers please copy.)

In Winthrop, Mary Chesley, formerly of Paris, aged 61 years.

In Milford, N. H., Oct. 15th, Abby Trufant of Winthrop, aged 49 years.

In Wayne, Oct. 30th, Elijah, son of Dea. Charles and Jane Gott, aged 25 years; Dec 24, Elias Berry, aged 73 years.

In Bingham, Dec. 8th, Mary, wife of B. Smith, Esq., aged 48 years 8 months.

In Belgrade, Oct. 19th, Susan J. Bartlett, aged 32 years.

In Jay, Nov. 27th, Emmaretta A., daughter of Elias B. and Ann C. Gray, aged 18 years 2 months.

In South Windsor, Mrs Ann, widow of the late Gen. James Wingate, formerly of Portland, aged 76 years.

In Gardiner, Dec. 7th, Mrs. Nancy Farris, aged 67 years.

In Lowell, Mass., Ellen, wife of John Westhall, daughter of Benjamin and Nancy Farris of Gardiner, aged 26 years.

In Belfast, Phillip T Eastman, aged 24 years 10 months.

In Trenton, Moses Hodgkins, aged 71 years.

In Thomaston, Mehitable, wife of Richard Tinker, Warden State Prison.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

The undersigned, Administrator on the estate of ISAAC C. GLIDDEN, of Alna, in the County of Lincoln, being duly empowered and licensed thereto by the Judge of Probate of said County, will sell at Public Auction on SATURDAY, January 31st, 1863, at 10 o'clock A. M., on the premises, unless sooner disposed of at private sale, the following described lots of real estate:

1. The Childs' piece, so called, situated in Alna, containing 14 acres of land, more or less. 2. The Sawyer farm in Alna, consisting of 80 acres—50 of grass land, and 30 in timber, with a good barn 50 by 70 feet. 3. The homestead in Alna, of Isaac C. Glidden, consisting of a two-story house, barn and outbuildings, and two and a half acres of land. 4. The Jewett pasture, so called, in Alna, consisting of 20 acres. 5. The old homestead, so called, of Isaac C. Glidden, situated in Alna and Whitefield, consisting of 78 acres of land, a story and a half dwelling house, two barns and other outbuildings. 6. The Isaac Jewett lot, situated in Whitefield, consisting of 3 acres. 7. The Hilton lot, so called, consisting of 40 acres of timber and wood land. 8. The Smith lot, so called, situated in Whitefield, containing 140 acres of timber and woodland; all the above described property is situated within a mile and a half of Public dock Landing in Alna. 9. The back lot, so called, situated in Whitefield and Jefferson, comprising 500 acres, more or less, of timber and wood land. 10. One lot situated in Bristol, near Pemaquid Falls, consisting of 5 acres of land and half of a mill privilege.

Sales of the above property will be made in lots to suit purchasers. The sale will be adjourned from day to day until the property is disposed of. Terms of payment made known at time and place of sale.

DANIEL GLIDDEN.
Pittston, Dec. 16, 1862. 7w1

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THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Poetry.

WIFE AND I.

We quarrel'd this morning, my wife and I,
We were out of temper, and scarce knew why,
Though the cause was trivial and common;
But to look in our eyes you'd have sworn that we both
Were a couple of enemies spiteful and wroth—
Not a wedded man and woman.

Wife, like a tragedy queen in a play,
Tossed her sweet little head in as lofty a way
As so little a woman was able;
She clenched her lips with a sneer and frown,
While I, being rougher, stamped up and down,
Like a careless groom in a stable.

You'd have thought us the bitterest (seeing us then,)
Of little women and little men,
You'd have laughed at our spite and passion;
And would never have dreamed that a storm like this
Would be rainbow'd to tears by that sunlight, a kiss,
Till we talked in the old fond fashion.

Yet the storm was over in less than an hour,
And was followed soon by a sunny shower,
And that again by embraces;
Yet so little the meaning was understood
That we almost felt ashamed to be good,
And wore a blush on our faces.

Then she, as a woman, much braver became,
And tried to bear the whole weight of the blame,
By her kindness, her self reproving;
When, seeing her humble, and knowing her true,
I all at once became humble, too,
And very contrite and loving.

But, seeing I acted an humble part,
She laughed outright with a frolic heart—
A laugh as careless as Cupid;
And the laughter wrangled along my brain
Till I almost fell in a passion again,
And became quite stubborn and stupid.

And this was the time for her arms to twine
Around this stubbornest n-ck of mine,
Like the arms of a maid round a lover;
And, feeling them there with their warmth, you know,
I laugh quite a different laugh; and so
The storm (as I called it) was over.

So then we could talk with the power to please;
And though the passing of storms like these
Leaves a certain fond facility
Of getting easily angry again,
Yet they free the heart and rebuke the brain
And teach us a rough humility.

You see that we love one another so well,
That we can find more comfort than you can tell
In jingling our bells and corals;
In the fiercer fights of a world so drear,
We keep our spirits so close and clear
That we need such trivial quarrels.

In the great, fierce fights of the world we try
To shield one another, my wife and I,
Like brave strong man and woman;
But the trivial quarrels o' days and nights
Unbalance our souls for the great fierce fights,
And keep us lowly and human.

Clouds would grow in the quietest mind,
And make it unmeet to mix with its kind,
Were nature less wise as a mother;
And with storms like ours there must flutter out
From the breast that is healed-up dreams and doubt—
The excess of our love for each other!

Our Story-Teller.

ALL-HALLOW EVE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

It was All-Hallow Eve—a cold, wintry night, with drifts of fleecy clouds chasing each other across the moon and alternately hiding and unveiling the frosty sparkle of the stars: a night when all things had a look of mystery, when ghostly lights and shadows lay upon the paths, and the dismantled boughs rustled and crackled as though whispering to each other—a night for timid men to shrink from lonely paths and quick en their steps as they passed near white-stoned grave-yards—a night which might well have tempted those uncanny things of which old stories tell us, to walk abroad and play their pranks on mortals.

An unlucky night for a wedding, said many a village gossip, as the lights began to glitter from the windows of the handsome house upon the hill where the greatest beauty of the country round sat decked, all ready for her bridal. But she, that fair young bride, knew nothing of these whispers, and would have laughed such idle words to scorn if she had heard them. The night which was to give her to her lover's arms must be the most blessed of all the year.

She heard, as she sat smiling before her mirror, folded in her soft white veil and looking strangely beautiful and spirit-like, the soughing of the rising wind and the rattle of the long bare branches of the oak trees on the roof. She heard also the shrill voices of the boys going from door to door along the quiet village street, according to their annual custom, with in merry cry of "Holly Eve! Holly Eve!" and above all the distant clatter of a horse's hoof, far away as yet, but coming nearer every moment. Her impatient lover's steed, as she believed, though she kept the thought within her own young heart, and said nothing of it to her pretty bridesmaid, or to the old nurse, who busied herself still about some little items of her bride's toilet, as though loth to leave her, even for a moment. Faster it came, and faster, leaving the broad, smooth road for the grass-grown path which led up to the dwelling, as she could tell by the softening of the sound, and, halting at last beside the gate, then a man's footsteps echoed through the hall and up the stairs, and a knock came upon the door where the bride and her attendants were sitting.

No bridegroom's timid rap: a fierce, angry blow, which made the women within start and tremble, and turned the bride's soft cheek to an ashy hue. Why, they could not tell; but there appeared to be an evil import in the sound, and old Katerine's hand shook as she unlocked and opened the door. A man stood without—a tall old man, with iron gray hair. He pushed past her almost rudely, opened the door, passed in, and stood leaning against it after it was closed, with both hands clenched, and foam upon his purple lips.

The bride had arisen, and stood with her hand upon her heart looking. She knew the face well; it was that of the father of her intended husband, but so strangely altered that at first she believed it to be that of a stranger. She dared not ask him why he came there; her heart forebode evil surely. She could only stare at him with her starting eyes and wait for him to speak.

The words came at last.

"Put away your veil and your orange blossoms, girl. The bridegroom will not come to-night, and you would hardly welcome him if he should do so."

The blue eyes sought his in bewilderment, and the young girl murmured:

"He not come! I not welcome him! What can you mean? What awful thing has happened?"

"He is lost to us!" said the old man—"lost to us forever!"

"Dead!" she moaned, "is he dead?"

"I wish that he were," cried the old man. "I had a thousand times rather tell you that I had closed his eyes for their last slumber than bring you the news I do. But it must be spoken. He has ruined himself and broken all our hearts. He has robbed the man who trusted him, and but for the mercy of that man would be a common felon. He is a thief—a thief—do you hear that, girl?"

"It is some falsehood, some base slander!" cried the girl. "I am certain that it is. How can you bear to bring such wicked stories here to-night of all nights?"

"It is the awful truth, confessed to me with his own lips," answered the wretched father, "and his excuses are debts contracted at the gaming table, and for the means of dissipation which he has hidden from me so craftily all these years. I have paid back the money, and he is free to hide his shame where he chooses. But he is dead to all of us forever."

"Where is he? O, where is he?" she moaned.

"Miles away by this time," answered the father. "By to-morrow he will be on the ocean. I wish he were beneath it."

"Without seeing me; without bidding me farewell," sobbed the girl. "I cannot, cannot bear it."

"Can you wish to see him?" said the old man, in a wondering voice.

And she answered only,

"I loved him, I loved him!"

"And I too loved him," said the father, "and for that very reason I wish that he were dead."

There had been music, and laughter, and glittering lamps, and blazing fires in that old mansion an hour before; but when another hour had passed, the candles were extinguished, the fires were smouldering into embers, the guests were gone, and she who should have been a happy bride lay moaning on her pillow, with the hot blood of fever in her veins. And in her burning hand a letter was placed, a blotted scrawl which had been brought to the door by a strange messenger, and in it were these words:

"My love—my lost darling!—even while you scorn me, as you must, pity me a little. By the memory of the time when you thought me worthy of your love, when I was worthier than I am now, I pray you to believe that, wicked as I have been, I gave you a true and constant heart. They may tell you many evil things of me and speak the truth; but if they say I have been false to you in thought or deed, they lie, so help me Heaven! O, that money! that horrible tempting money! Some fiend must have placed it in my reach to tempt me. Yet I did not mean to steal it. I hoped to pay it back at some future time. I would have done it—indeed, indeed I would. I had led a dissipated life, of which they knew nothing at home. I had debts of which I could not tell my father. I longed to leave the companions of my past madness and live a better man henceforth. I could only rid myself of them by paying their demands. Their power to disgrace me was great, and they would have no mercy. The means were there—pity me Rose, O, pity me, for I was mad when I took that gold! My darling! it was for your sake that I would have flung those evil associates from me. I longed to make myself—O, God! what have I made myself in my blind madness? An outcast; a thing for men to point at with the finger of scorn; a creature unfit to grasp the hand of an honest fellow man. Yet I loved you, Rose, I loved you. Pray for me sometimes. Do not quite hate me. Say to yourself, 'He was sinful and mad, but he loved me,' and pity me for that. You will never be disgraced by the sound of my name. I forsake it as I forsake my native land. But while I live your memory will linger with me, and when I die (may it be soon) your name will be the last one on my lips."

The epistle closed without a signature, as though the writer had indeed no right to bear his father's honest name, and Rose read in the absence of those well known characters an awful sign of her lover's misery and degradation.

Despised, forsaken, homeless, nameless, she thought of him wandering over the face of the cruel world, and fallen though he was, her heart clung to him still. Had he came that moment to her threshold, had his hand struck the panels of her door, she would have opened it and passed out with him to share his life of shame and poverty where'er it led him. He had sinned, but his identity remained to her. He was still the lover of her girlhood, the husband of the future she had dreamed of, and she longed to see him, to fold him to her heart and comfort him.

But days passed by, and months and years followed them, and there were no tidings of him. The orphan heiress lived alone in the dwelling where her marriage feast had once been spread and the gray-haired parents of her loved one grew old with the weight of her miserable memories. Only once through the gloom came a ray of light to tell of the existence of the lost one. A letter with a foreign post-mark, enclosing the sum which the father had paid to free his wretched son from the clutches of the law, came to the old man's door one day, and these words were written on the paper folded about the note in the familiar hand:

"I need not tell you whence this money comes. It cannot cancel the debt of gratitude I owe you; you impoverished yourself for me, and I cannot bear to think of it; otherwise I should not have awakened the memory of one who must be hateful to you, and who has proved a curse to all who ever loved him."

After this, the hope she had once had of meeting him died out of Rose's heart. Wherever he dwelt, whatever fate had dealt to him, there was no thought of coming home within his breast, she saw that plainly.

She was young yet. Young and beautiful, and rich also, and friends would not be shaken off by her sadness and coldness. So, by degrees, her woman's pride came to her aid, and rather than parade her grief before the world, she smothered it and wept in secret. People said she had forgotten him, and would give her hand to some one else ere long; and she knew what they whispered, and smiled bitterly to herself in the silence of her own chamber. There is but one true love in all a woman's life, and Rose was too pure to give her hand to one who could not have her heart.

Yet she laughed, and sung, and danced, and mingled with gay crowds when she longed to be alone, and all because she would not have the world know how her heart ached. Had he been dead, she would have mourned him as a widow might; but it was kindest to him and his wretched parents that he should be forgotten. It was a miserable, mocking life she led, and she knew it well.

There came to the village at that time a strange old man, a Methodist, who wore his long white beard upon his shoulders, and preached in a strange, strong language, and at all sorts of unusual times. Not only in prim, white-boarded Methodist meeting-house upon the Sabbath, but in out-houses, on strips of vacant land, in the woods, or even in the open street—an ignorant man, who spoke as laboring men spoke, but full of zeal. He dropped a spark, and it spread like wildfire through the village. One of these religious excitements, termed by some "revivals," followed quickly, and there was a camp-meeting in the woods hard by. Hundreds went thither, some with pious intent, some for a frolic, and some for mere curiosity; and among the latter Rose found herself one bright summer morning.

She sat beneath a great tree, and listened to the words of that uncouth and ignorant man. She saw strong men bow down in tears, and heard the screams and sobs of women. An electric sympathy spread throughout the throng; the veriest scoffers grew mute with awe, excitable temperaments were acted upon in a fearful manner. With some it was an earnest and joyous belief; with some a temporary delirium. But for the time all were sincere, and being sincere, sublime.

Rose had listened to splendid sermons from learned lips, but nothing had ever touched her as did the discourse of that untaught man. Truths were spoken which went to her heart, and she wept as she had not wept since that awful, never-to-be-forgotten night; and something pure, and sweet, and dove-like hovered over her head, and rested at last upon her soul; and a staff was put into her hand, and a light of which she had never dreamed before shone along the path which led to the mystic future. She did not fall down and weep and scream as some did, but she bore her new-found happiness home with her, although her quiet step and smile gave no token of what passed within her breast.

And a new life opened to her; a life of self-forgetfulness and charity, looking for rewards and happiness in other worlds than this.

Hallow Eve had come again, the fifth which lay between that faded wedding night. Still in the great press in that which should have been the bridal chamber, hung the veil and wreath of orange blossoms and the robe of snowy satin. But in the great travelling trunks piled in the room from which it opened, lay coarse, strong garments, fitted for a sea voyage, and for a long, rough journey. To-morrow Rose would put them on, but to-night she stood attired in fluttering gauze and rustling silks, gleaming jewels, waiting to greet her guests for the last time.

To-morrow the good ship West Wind sailed for India, with twenty missionaries on board, and she was to be one of them.

None knew this as yet, save the old preacher and her companions. To her friends of to-night she would bid good-bye as though she were going on an ordinary journey. Her lawyer had instructions as to the disposition of her land, and there was nothing more to do save to take farewell of those she bidden as her guests on this last evening.

Some she loved; and with these she lingered many moments, loth to leave them; for the parting would be for life, she knew and as she sat with her cheek upon her hand, listening to the music, one merry voice from a gay group near said with a laugh—

"It is Hallow Eve—do you remember that? I wonder whether we should see our lovers if we went to the old well to-night?"

"What of the well?" another asked, and the gay girl answered:

"Whoever walks three times about the old stone well on Hollow Eve, looking all the while over his left shoulder, will see the figure of the person designed for them by fate at the end of the third circle."

"Go then, and try," laughed a score of voices.

But no one was willing to venture the ceremony, and at last a young girl, a stranger, who knew nothing of Rose's past history, said gaily:

"Will you go, Miss Rose?"

Rose never knew what strange feeling took possession of her, making her answer, "I am very willing," or why she arose and went with quick footsteps and beating heart down the garden path to the old well. Perhaps an angel's hand led her; Heaven only knows.

The moon was high in the sky; shadows of evergreen bushes lay thick and dark to the right, and to the left glimmered the lights from the windows of her home. A solemn purpose possessed her, strangely at variance with the folly of her mission, and with her hand upon her bosom she stood for a moment looking down into the crystal waters of the well.

Then she began to walk. Slowly she circled the little foot-trodden path: once, twice, thrice, looking with terrible earnestness at the dark shadows of the evergreens—for there was a still dark shadow there, and as she paused, it moved and came out in the moonlight, standing there with its arms extended toward her.

It was the form of a man who had once been her promised husband. She saw him as plainly as she had ever seen him in the body and the flesh, and in that sight lost consciousness.

When she recovered warm arms were about her, warm tears falling on her face, and she looked up to see again the features of her vision. No spirit this; it held her to its heart with the clasp of life and love, and uttered words of tenderness and sorrow.

Then, as she listened, he told her of long years of toil, of an altered life, and of an honorable name made in a far-off land, and of the yearning he had had to see her once again.

"I never meant to speak to you," he said, "only to look at you from afar; but I could not help it when you were so near me, for I love you as man never loved before."

And she put her arm around his neck and clung to his bosom with her trembling hands, and said only—

"Never leave me again, never, never."

The West Wind sailed the next day, but Rose was not on board; a new mission had been given to her, and she fulfilled it. In that home, of which true repentance and a life of virtuous effort has made a happy spot, she lives an honored and beloved wife, cheering the heart so long bowed down by sorrow and contrition, and showing in her every action that the words which she heard from the rough preacher's mouth have never been forgotten, and that the light to which he pointed is the beacon of her life.—*New York Sunday Times.*

Family Fireside Talk.

THE BABIE.

Nea shoe to hide her tiny tae,
Nea stockings on her feet,
Her supple ankles white as snaw,
Or early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress of sprinkled pink,
Her dowhie dimpled chin,
Her puckered lip and baumy nose,
With nae one tooth between.

Her een, nae like her mother's een,
Twa gentle liquid things;
Her face is like an angel's face—
We're glad she had nae wings.

She is the budding of our love,
A giftie God ha' gie'n us;
We manna love the gift ow'r weel,
'T wad be nae blessing to us.

RUNNING AN ENGINE IN REBEL SEVICE.

FROM "THIRTEEN MONTHS IN THE REBEL ARMY."

The engineer, Charles Little, refused to run the train on during the night, as he was not well acquainted with the road, and thought it dangerous. In addition, the head-light of the locomotive being out of order, and the oil frozen, he could not make it burn, and he could not possibly run without it. Colonel Williams grew angry, probably suspecting him of Union sentiments, and of wishing to delay the train, cursed him rather roundly, and at length told him he should run in under a guard; adding, to the guard already on the engine, "If any accident occurs, shoot the cussed Yankee." Little was a Northern man. Upon the threat thus enforced, the engineer seemed to yield, and prepared to start the train. As if having forgotten an important matter, he said, hastily, "Oh, I must have some oil," and stepping down off the locomotive, walked toward the engine house. When he was about twenty yards from the cars, the guard thought of their duty, and one of them followed Little, and called upon him to halt; but in a moment he was behind the machine-shop, and off in the dense woods, in the deep darkness. The commotion soon brought the colonel and a crowd, and while they were cursing each other all around, the firemen and most of the brakemen slipped off, and here we were with no means of getting ahead. All this time I had stood on the engine, rather enjoying the *melee*, but taking no part in it, when Colonel Williams, turning to me, said:

"Can not you run the engine?"

I replied, "No sir."

"You have been on it as we came down."

"Yes, sir, as a matter of curiosity."

"Don't you know how to start and stop her?"

"Yes, that is easy enough; but if anything should go wrong I could not adjust it."

"No difference, no difference, sir; I must be at Bowling Green, to-morrow, and you must put us through."

I looked at him in the eye, and said calmly, "Colonel Williams, I cannot voluntarily take the responsibility of managing a train with a thousand men aboard, nor will I be forced to do it under a guard who know nothing about an engine, and who would be as likely to shoot me for doing my duty as failing to do it; but if you will find among the men a fireman, send away this guard, and come yourself on the locomotive, I will do the best I can."

And now commenced my apprenticeship to running a secession railroad train, with a rebel regiment on board. The engine behaved admirably, and I began to feel quite safe, for she obeyed every command I gave her, as if she acknowledged me her rightful lord.

I could not but be startled at the position in which I was placed, holding in my hand the lives of more than a thousand men, running a train of twenty-five cars over a road I had never seen, running without a head light, and the road so dark that I could see only a foot or two ahead, and, to crown all, knowing almost nothing of the business. Of course I ran slowly, about ten miles an hour, and never took my hand off the throttle or my eye from the road. The Colonel at length grew confident, and almost confidential, and did most of the talking, as I had no time for conversation. When we had run about thirty miles, and everything was going well, Col. Williams concluded to walk back, on the top of the box cars, to a passenger car which was attached to the rear of the train and occupied by the officers.

This somewhat hazardous move he commenced just as we struck a stretch of trestle-work which carried the road over a gorge some fifty feet deep. As the locomotive reached the end of the trestle-work the grade rose a little, and I could see through, or in a deep cut which the road ran into, an obstruction. What it was, or how far ahead, I had almost no conception; but quick as thought—and thought is quick as lightning in such circumstances—I whistled for the brakes, shut off the steam, and waited for the collision. I would have reversed the engine, but a fear that a reversal would crowd up the cars on the trestle-work and throw them into the gorge below, forbade; nor was there wisdom in jumping off, as the steep embankments on either side would prevent escape from the wreck of the cars when the collision came. All this was decided in an instant of time, and I calmly awaited the shock which I saw was unavoidable. Though the speed, which was very moderate before, was considerably diminished in the fifty yards between the obstacle and the head of the train, I saw that we would certainly run into the rear of another train, which was the obstruction I had seen.

The first car that struck was loaded with hay and grain. My engine literally split it in two, throwing the hay right and left, and scattering the grain like chaff. The next car, loaded with horses, was in like manner torn to pieces, and the horses piled upon the sides of the road. The third car, loaded with tents and camp equipage, seemed to present greater resistance, as the locomotive only reached it, and came to a stand-still.

My emotions during these moments were most peculiar. I watched the remorseless pressure of the engine with almost admiration. It appeared to be deliberate, and resolute, and insatiable. The shock was not great, the advance seemed very slow; but it plowed on through car after car with a steady and determined course, which suggested at that critical moment a vast and resistless living agent. When motion ceased, I knew my time of trial was near, for if Colonel Williams had not been thrown from the top of the cars into the gorge below, he would soon be forward to execute his threat—to shoot me if any accident occurred. I stepped out of the cab on the railing running along the smoke-stack so as to be out of the view to one coming forward toward the engine, and yet to have him in the full light of the lantern which hung in the cab.

Exactly as I had surmised—for I had seen a specimen of his fierce temper and recklessness—he came stamping and cursing; and, jumping from the car on to the tender, he drew a pistol and cried out, "Where is that cursed engineer, that did this pretty job? I'll shoot him the minute I lay eyes on him!"

I threw up my six-shooter, so that the light of the lantern shone upon it, which he could see but indistinctly, if at all, and said, with deliberation: "Colonel Williams, if you raise your pistol, you are a dead man. Don't stir, but listen to me. I have done just what any man must have done under the circumstances. I stopped the train as soon as possible, and I'll convince you of it, if you are a reasonable man; but not another word of shooting, or you go down."

"Don't shoot! don't shoot!" he cried.

"Put up your pistol, and so will I," I replied.

He did so, and came forward, and I explained the impossibility of seeing the train sooner, as I had no head light; and they had carelessly neglected to leave a light on rear of the other train. I advised the choleric colonel to go forward and expend his wrath and curses on the conductor of the forward train, that had stopped in such a place, and sent out no signal-man in the rear, nor even left a red light. He acknowledged I was right. I then informed him that I was an officer in the ordnance department, and was in charge of a shipment of ammunition for Bowling Green, and would have him court-martialed when we reached there, unless he apologized for the threats he had made. This information had a calming effect on the colonel, who, at heart, was really a clever fellow.

☞ The man whom you saved from drowning, and the man who never pays what he owes, you may consider as alike indebted to you for life.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

In a recent number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, Bulwer tells the following good story, to illustrate the difference between the mere possession of knowledge and its application in practical life:

A certain nobleman, very proud of the extent and beauty of his pleasure grounds, chancing one day to call on a small squire, whose garden might cover about half an acre, was greatly struck with the brilliant colors of his neighbor's flowers. "Ay, my Lord, the flowers are well enough," said the squire, "but permit me to show you my grapes." Conducted into an old-fashioned little green-house, which served as a vinery, my Lord gazed, with mortification and envy, on grapes twice as fine as his own. "My dear friend," said my Lord, "you have a jewel of a gardener; let me see him!" The gardener was called—the single gardener—a simple looking young man under thirty. "Accept my compliments on your flower-beds and your grapes," said my Lord, "and tell me, if you can, why your flowers are so much brighter than mine, and your grapes so much finer. You must have studied horticulture profoundly." "Please your Lordship," said the man, "I have not had the advantage of much education; I ben't no scholar; but as to the flowers and the vines, the secret as to treating them just came to me, you see, by chance."

"By chance? explain."

"Well, my Lord, three years ago, master sent me to Lunnon on business of his'n; and it came on to rain, and I took shelter in a mews, you see."

"Yes; you took shelter in a mews; what then?"

"And there were two gentlemen taking shelter too; and they were talking to each other about charcoal."

"About charcoal? go on."

"And one said that it had done a deal o' good in many cases of sickness, and specially in the first stage of the cholera, and I took a note on my mind of that, because we'd had the cholera in our village the year afore. And I guessed the two gentlemen were doctors, and knew what they were talking about."

"I dare say they did; but flowers and vines don't have the cholera, do they?"

"No, my Lord; but they have complaints of their own; and one of the gentlemen went on to say that charcoal had a special good effect upon all vegetable life, and told a story of a vine-dresser, in Germany, I think, who had made a very sickly, poor vineyard one of the best in all these parts, simply by charcoal dressings. So I naturally pricked up my ears at that, for our vines were in so bad way that master thought of doing away with them altogether. 'Ay,' said the other gentleman, 'and see how a little sprinkling of charcoal will brighten up a flower-bed.'

"The rain was now over, and the gentlemen left the mews; and I thought, 'Well, but before I try the charcoal upon the plants, I'd best make some inquiry of them as aren't doctors;' so I went to our nursery-man, who has a deal of book-learning, and I asked him if he'd ever heard of charcoal-dressing being good for vines, and he said he'd read in a book that it was so, but had never tried it. He kindly lent me the book, which was translated from some forren one. And, after I had picked out of it all I could, I tried the charcoal in the way the book told me to try it; and that's how the grapes and the flower-beds came to please you, my Lord. It was a lucky chance that ever I heard those gentlemen talking in the mews, please your Lordship."

"Chance happens to all," answered the peer, sententiously; "but to turn chance to account is the gift of the few."

His Lordship returned home, gazed gloomily on the hues of his vast parterres; he visited his vinerics and scowled at the clusters; he summonmoned his head gardener—a gentleman of the highest repute for science, and who never spoke of a cowslip except by its name in Latin. To this learned personage my Lord communicated what he had seen of the benignant effects of charcoal, and produced in proof a magnificent bunch of grapes, which he had brought from the squire's.

"My Lord," said the gardener, scarcely glancing at the grapes, "Squire ——'s gardener must be a poor ignorant creature to fancy he had discovered a secret in what is very well known to every professed horticulturist. Professor Liebig, my Lord, has treated of the good effect of charcoal-dressing, to vines especially; and it is to be explained on these chemical principles"—therewith the wise man entered into a profound disputation, of which his Lordship did not understand a word.

"Well then," said the peer, cutting short the harrangue, "since you know so well that charcoal dressing is good for vines and flowers, have you ever tried it on mine?"

"I can't say that I have, my Lord; it did not chance to come into my head."

"Nay," replied the peer, "chance put it into your head, but thought never took it out of your head."

My Lord, who, if he did not know much about horticulture, was a good judge of mankind, dismissed the man of learning; and, with many apologies for seeking to rob his neighbor of such a treasure, asked the squire to transfer to his service the man of genius. The squire, who thought that now the charcoal had been once discovered, any new gardener could apply it as well as old the one, was too happy to oblige my Lord, and advance the fortunes of an honest fellow born in his village. His Lordship knew very well that a man who makes good use of the ideas received through chance, will make a still better use of ideas received through study. He took some kind, but not altogether unselfish pains with the training and education of a man of genius whom he had gained to his service. The man is now my Lord's head forester and bailiff. The woods thrive under him, the farm pays largely. He and my Lord are both the richer for the connection between them. He is not the less practically painstaking, though he no longer says 'ben't' and 'his'n;' nor the less felicitously theoretical, though he no longer ascribes a successful experiment to chance.

THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL.

The magnificent Dome of the Capitol, designed by Thomas U. Walter, and now in course of construction under his direction, is rapidly progressing to completion. The principal frame of the structure has been completed, the ribs of the cupola have been put in place, and the plates, which constitute the outer covering, are being set, and will be finished before the close of next month. After this shall have been done, nothing will be left to complete the exterior of the dome but the construction of the lantern and the placing of the ornaments on the upper windows and around the spring of the cupola. These ornaments are now being cast, and one of them representing a honeysuckle, has been placed in position, and represents a very handsome appearance. The casting of the inner dome are in course of preparation, and will soon be ready. The present height of the iron work above the basement floor of the Capitol is 215 feet, and the height of the portion yet to be constructed, including the crowning statue, is about 70 feet.

About 207,000 pounds of iron have been received during the past year, and in the same period about 2,185,000 pounds of the same material have been put up. The whole quantity of iron received from the beginning of the work up to the present time was about 7,500,000 pounds, and, according to the estimate of the architect, about 800,000 pounds more will be needed to complete the work. The dome will be crowned with Crawford's gigantic and imposing statue of Freedom, which is 19 1-2 feet high, and weighs about 15,000 pounds. This statue is made entirely of bronze, and is composed of five sections, the weight of the heaviest of which is about 5000 lbs. It may now be seen on a temporary pedestal in the east grounds of the Capitol. The screw-bolts which now blemish it will be removed when it is put in place, and a rich and uniform bronze tint will be imparted to it. The entire cost of the statue was about $25,000. The sum of $700,000 has been appropriated by Congress for the dome, the most of which has been expended. The original estimate of the cost of the dome was $945,000; but the distinguished architect, by rigid economy and a reduction of the weight of the structure, has been enabled to bring down the whole cost, including that of the crowning statue, to about $900,000.

Make a Beginning.

If you do not begin, you will never come to the end. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed set in the ground, the first shilling put in the savings bank, and the first mile traveled on a journey, are all important things; they make a beginning, and thereby give a hope, a promise, a pledge, an assurance that you are in earnest with what you have under taken. How many a poor, idle, erring, hesitating outcast is now creeping his way through the world, who might have held up his head and prospered, if, instead of putting off his resolutions of amendment and industry, he had only made a beginning. The Popish fable of Denies, who lifted up his head from the ground, after decapitation, and walked away with it, was drawn by Sir Joshua Reynolds with the legend underneath: "It is but the first step which is difficult."

A COLORED REGIMENT IN ACTION.

The Leavenworth correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* sends information, showing that the negroes *will* fight in the cause of the Union. He says:

"The Kansas colored regiment had a fight with guerillas, commencing on Tuesday last, and continuing several days, in which the blacks were victorious. The blacks, (as related to me by Lieut. Lyon of Company A, 1st Kansas, colored,) under Jackson and Cockrell, occupied and held an island at the head of the Osage River, at the junction of the Mari-de-zene and Mill Creek. These two, combining, form the Osage River, near Butler, Bates county, Mo. At this point the secesh keep a large quantity of stock, guarded by these guerillas. Major Herring, commander of Fort Scott, and Provost Marshal of Southern Kansas, ordered from Fort Lincoln a detachment of the colored regiment, (the regiment is stationed at Fort Lincoln,) 160 men from the 1st, Col. Williams, and seventy men from the battalion of colored troops from Southern Kansas, under Capt. Leaman, making 230—all under command of Capt. Ward, acting commander of the regiment for the time being, the colonel being absent. Arriving at the island, they found about 400 guerillas—the blacks took possession of Tootman's house, a noted guerilla by that name, residing there—they surrounded the house and yard with a wall of rails, and named it Fort Africa. The enemy were all mounted, and they made frequent attacks. The guerillas were reinforced with 200 men, and the blacks sent to Fort Scott for reinforcements and ammunition; meanwhile the 200 blacks were fighting the 600 secesh. Up to Thursday night, seven blacks were killed and eight wounded. Capt. Crew, (white,) of Co. A, was killed, and his body was brought to Leavenworth yesterday. Lieut. Gardner, (white,) the fighting Quaker, so called, was wounded, making eight killed and nine wounded on our side, and up to the same time from fifteen to twenty guerillas were killed. The number of wounded on their side was not known to my informant. On Thursday night, the reinforcements from Fort Scott came on the ground, consisting of 150 cavalry and two pieces of artillery. The guerillas immediately commenced retreating to the island and down the river. It was the intention to attack them on the island the next morning, and break up the nest. The final result I will send you when I get it.

Thus the first black blood has been spilled in fighting with the enemies of the Union. I have several accounts from the scene of action, and they all agree that the blacks fought well—and not a single coward among them; but they were rather hard to handle and keep back, and they had to be held with a tight rein, like a pair of young, well fed horses, anxious to go—and go at the guerillas!

A BRIDE IN THE LAND OF ROMANCE.

What more nominally romantic than an Oriental bride, a bride in Persia? And yet see how Dickens describes her, in "All the Year Round:"

"A Persian bride, when first bought, is a queer little body, fattened up with rice and sweetmeats for the occasion, and sadly besmeared with cosmetics. Collyrium has been put upon her eyes to make them soft and languishing, and they are also elongated by some means, so that they may have the shape of almonds. Her hair is dyed of a coal black by indigo, or of a reddish brown by indigo and henna mixed with it, according to her own fancy, or that of the broker. Her eyebrows are plastered and painted so thickly that they look like a large piece of court-plaster cut into arches, and stuck upon her face. I say a large piece, because they are joined artificially by a thick line across the nose. Her cheeks are painted in excessively bright colors, and two shiny locks of hair, gummed together, and stuck flat on each side of them, in the shape of number sixes placed the wrong way. Her hands and feet, finger-nails, and toe-nails, are died a light mahogany color with henna. She has no more shape or figure than a bolster. Poor little thing! she plays such tricks with herself generally, that at twenty she is an old woman, with her skin all shriveled and burnt up by caustics and poisoned pricks of needles. This old, undersized creature waddles about the apartment of her new lord in the finest and largest trowsers possible. She puts on a great many pair of them, and is as proud of the size of her legs as a British damsel is of the size of her crinoline.

She wears a smart embroidered jacket, with short sleeves, and a pretty *chemisette*, of some light white silk material, embroidered with gold threads; but her arms, and legs and neck are bare. She hangs upon her little person as many jewels, gold coins, and trinkets as she can possibly get at. She is especially fond of pearls and diamonds, but is not particular as to their beauty or value. A diamond is a diamond for her, whatever its shape or color may be. She is very fine, but never elegant. Her mind is entirely uncultivated. She has neither education nor accomplishments; but she has a good deal of flowery talk about roses and nightingales, with an undercurrent of strange roundabout wit and drollery.—There is an utter want of delicacy and modesty in her conversation. She knows a great many things which she ought not to know; and, child as she is in years, she would outwit the wisest man who ever wore a gray beard."

AN OLD SALT ON A LEE SHORE.

The British maratime laws compel all officers, even second and third mates, to prove their entire competency, and make it a misdemeanor to engage on board on a vessel without a certificate from the proper authorities. The examinations are conducted by men of known integrity, long experience, and of whom certificates cannot be bought; and great is the trepidation with which the young candidate looks forward to the hour when he shall pass the "fiery ordeal." Numerous anecdotes are related of scenes occurring before the Board of Examiners, one of which is the following: Mr. Lapham, a first-class American mate, was attached to a clipper-ship (we think it was the Red Jacket,) when she was sold to an English firm in Liverpool. As he was to remain in the ship, he was called to go before the Board, for examination. At first he demurred, thinking that his from his well-known competency he might be spared that trouble; but finding it indispensable, he submitted, though with a bad grace. One of the Examiners being somewhat of a wag, and hearing of Lapham's reluctance to appear, plied him with all sorts of frivolous questions. He finally placed him close to a lee shore in a gale of wind, with all his masts overboard. "What would he do in that case?" This was too much for Lapham's patience, and with a malediction on the optics of his interrogator, he exclaimed, "I'd rip out a deck-plank and scull her off!" It is needless to add that Lapham was not examined any further, after this conclusive proof of his mental resources under difficulty.

ENGLISH ESTIMATE OF OUR SOLDIERS.

The Manchester *Examiner* and *Times*, one of the few English newspapers that has treated our cause with candor since the war commenced says: There is no longer any occasion for the regretful shame that Americans in this country felt when it was announced that the valorous deeds displayed in the defence and capture of Fort Sumter, including a whole day's furious canonading, cost neither side a single life. That reproach is wiped away. The Americans know at least how to fight. Whatever faults may be found with their generalship, it must be admitted that no troops in the world ever fought better. At Fort Donelson and Pittsburg Landing, in the battles before Richmond, and in the contests which have happened by the dozen in the valley of the Shenandoah, both North and South have shown a pluck and constancy which attest their descent from the most martial races of the old world. Considering that the bulk of the troops which McClellan handled before Richmond were soldiers of only twelve months' standing, and had never drawn a sword in actual combat till they met the Confederates at Yorktown, it is marvelous how they allowed themselves to be brought up day after day to fresh encounters, and preserved their discipline amid the disasters incident to a difficult and discouraging retreat. If the Americans have any desire at all to be ranked among the bravest nations in the world, then their desire is already gratified, and if the sword were sheathed to-morrow, they would have done enough to establish their title to military fame.

☞ A dinner was given by some one of Gov. Morris' friends, when he was departing for Europe. Bishop Moore and his wife were of the party. Among other things that passed in conversation, Mr. Morris observed that he had made his will in prospect of going abroad; and turning to Bishop Moore, said to him:—"My Reverend friend, I have bequeathed to you my whole stock of impudence." Bishop Moore replied, "Sir, you are not-only very kind, but very generous; you have left me by far the greater portion of your estate." Mrs. Moore immediately added, "My dear, you have come into possession of your inheritance remarkably soon."

The peculiar taint or infection which we call Scrofula lurks in the constitutions of multitudes of men. It either produces or is produced by an enfeebled state of the blood, wherein that fluid becomes incompetent to sustain the vital forces in their vigorous action, and leaves the system to fall into disorder and decay. The scrofulous contamination is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered digestion from unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation; indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children." The diseases it originates takes various names, according to the organs it attacks. In the lungs, Scrofula produces tubercles, and finally Consumption; in the glands, swellings which suppurate and become ulcerous sores; in the stomach and bowels, derangements which produce indigestion, dyspepsia, and liver complaints; on the skin, eruptive and cutaneous affections. These, all have the same origin, require the same remedy, viz: purification and invigoration of the blood. Purify the blood, and these dangerous distempers leave you. With healthy, foul or corrupted blood, you cannot have health; with that "life of the flesh" healthy, you cannot have scrofulous disease.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

is compounded from the most effectual antidotes that medical science has discovered for this afflicting distemper, and for the cure of the disorders it entails. That it is far superior to any other remedy yet devised, is known by all who have given it a trial. That it does combine virtues truly extraordinary in their effect upon this class of complaints, is indisputable proven by the great multitude of publicly known and remarkable cures it has made of the following diseases:—*KING'S EVIL, OR GLANDULAR SWELLINGS, TUMORS, ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES AND SORES, ERYSIPELAS, ROSE OR ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, COUGHS FROM TUBERCULOUS DEPOSITS IN THE LUNGS, WHITE SWELLINGS, DROPSY, NEURALGIA, DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION, SYPHILIS AND SYPHILITIC INFECTIONS, MERCURIAL DISEASES, FEMALE WEAKNESSES*, and, indeed, the whole series of complaints that arise from impurity of the blood. Minute reports of individual cases may be found in AYER'